

SEPTEMBER

21
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5677

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR



Steeped in the shoemakers' craft



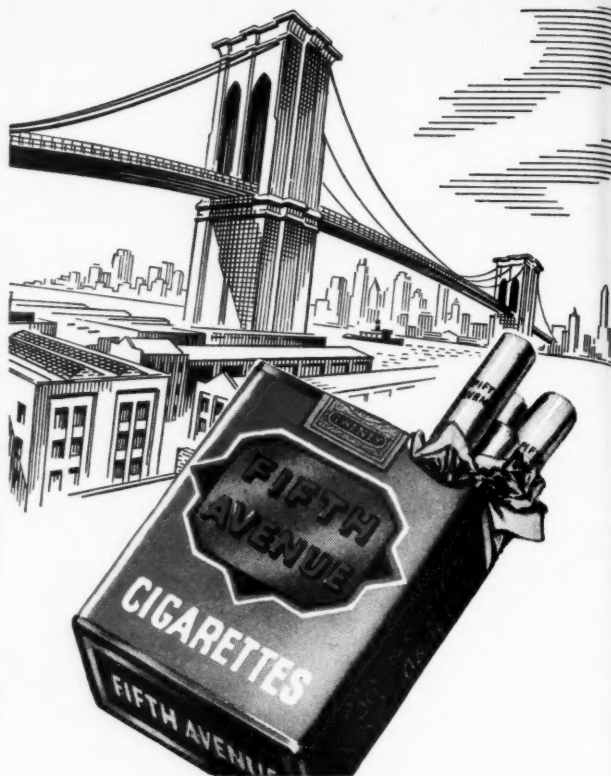
by

Crockett & Jones

Northampton

For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., Northampton, ask for **swan** brand

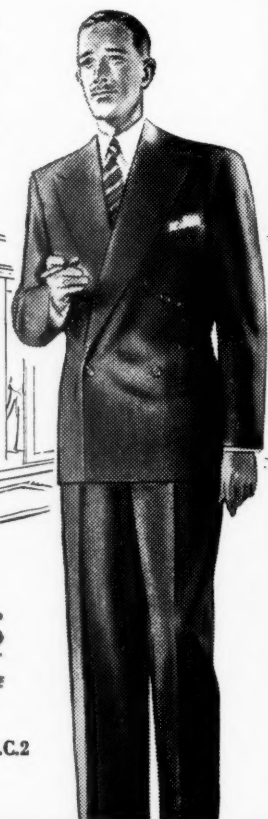
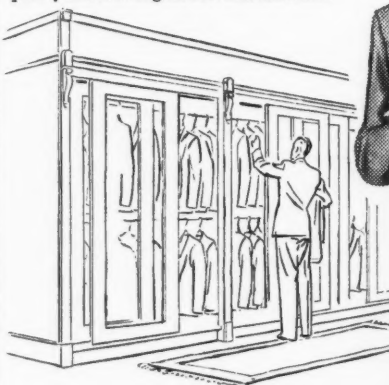
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*Made by ABDULLA for those
who prefer the American style of blend*

THE BEAUTY OF READY-TO-WEAR
is that you can see the suit on and satisfy
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We have a good choice of fine worsteds—
quality and tailoring are of course first-class.



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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477
AND BRANCHES



**A REALLY
MAGNIFICENT
RADIOGRAM**

This set from the 1950 G.E.C. range has everything the radio and gramophone enthusiast could ask for! Not surprising, really, for the BC 5068 has been built to the G.E.C. standard that means efficiency in everything electrical, the world over.

- ★Auto-change mechanism for 10" and 12" records
- ★Simple controls including 'piano-key' waveband selection
- ★Bandspredding for easy, accurate short-wave tuning
- ★Ten-inch speaker and special circuits for fine reproduction
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G.E.C. MODEL BC 5068
ALL-WAVE BANDSPREAD RADIOGRAM
£127.18.6, including purchase tax.

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**GOOD WINE ...
definitely!**



THE MEALTIME FLAGON
Now 11'6
EQUALS A BOTTLE AND A HALF

**Burgoyne's
HARVEST BURGUNDY**
FROM EMPIRE VINEYARDS

"... the flashing crowds on the boulevards are like dancers at a ball; they sweep me along with them for a while, but I know that the dance will be over for me at midnight. How short these seven days have been..."



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more on Basildon Bond**

A few words written from the heart, and the experience that touched you deeply is shared with someone dear to you. How clearly a letter reveals the character — often the soul — of the writer. Even the shortest note, to the family, to a sweetheart, to a business friend, is a precious fragment of your personality — reflected in your choice of notepaper, as well as in the words you write.



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The Modern Trend

A welcome break with the starched-front tradition is the double-breasted style in dinner-jacket suits. This model, impeccably tailored in black baratheia, will meet with the whole-hearted approval of any man who wishes to enjoy untrammelled comfort. Facings are of corded silk, and the suit is available in a wide range of fittings. £24 0 5

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always
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The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted during the stroke.

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CARTAUX (LONDON) LTD. 44 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2

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face lotion *

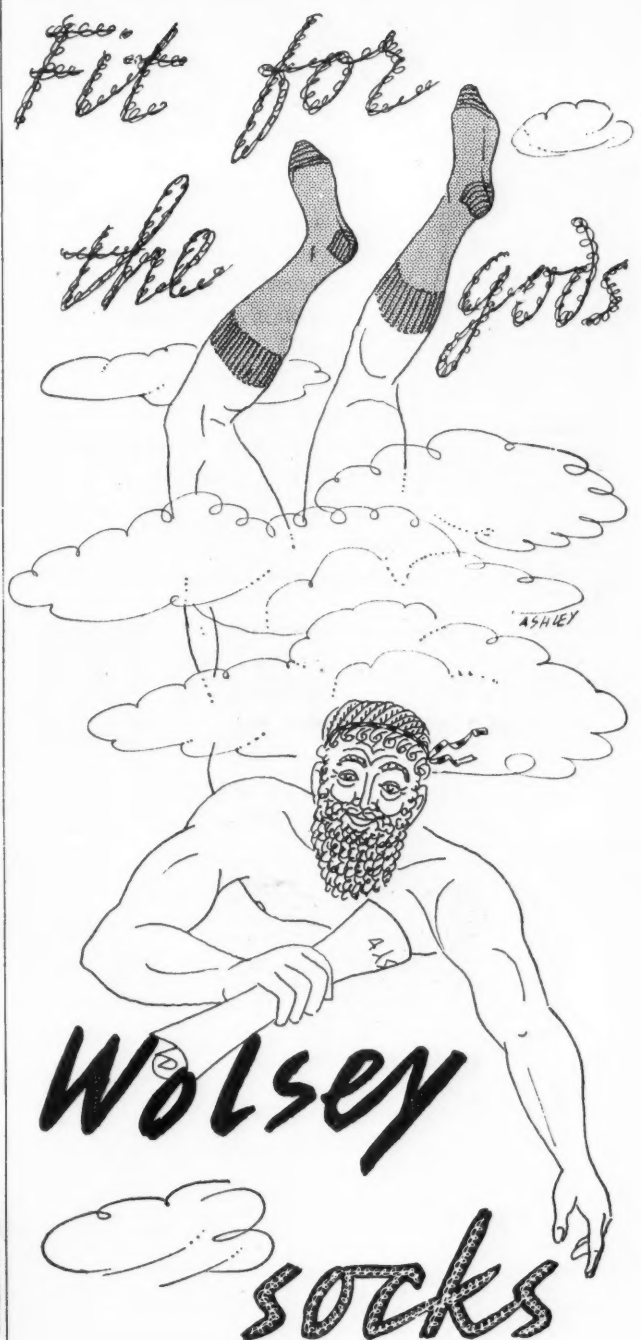


★ and so shave all of us!

An Ingramshave will save your face from discomfort because its grand, rich lather contains an *after-shave* lotion with a *before-shave* action. Protect yourself against razor soreness — ask for Ingram's. In large tubes everywhere.



49/3/7



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Duo-shrunk by Wolsey's famous process that keeps wool size-fixed for good. Buy him Wolsey Cardinal socks, and you'll have far less darning. Wolsey underwear is also Duo-shrunk.

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... in Jacquard Stitch
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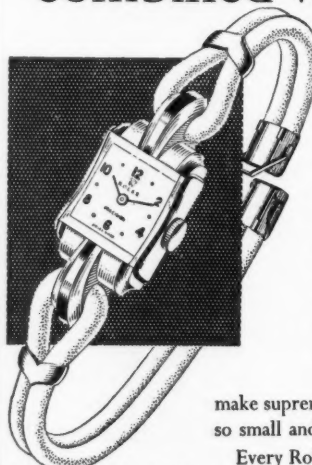
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LANgham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)



Miniature elegance— combined with accuracy



This beautiful Rolex ladies' watch (stainless steel with leather cord) is ideal both for day and evening wear. It is dainty and elegant to look at, and can be relied upon to give lasting, accurate service.

IT ISN'T EASY to design a ladies' wrist-watch that is at once elegant and accurate. For ladies are exacting creatures. They demand that their watches shall be small — very small! And the smaller the movement, the harder it is to make it really accurate.

It is a Rolex rule that no ladies' watch shall ever leave the factory if it is not first and foremost accurate and reliable. The triumph of Rolex craftsmen lies in the fact that they

make supremely accurate, reliable ladies' watches so small and so beautiful.

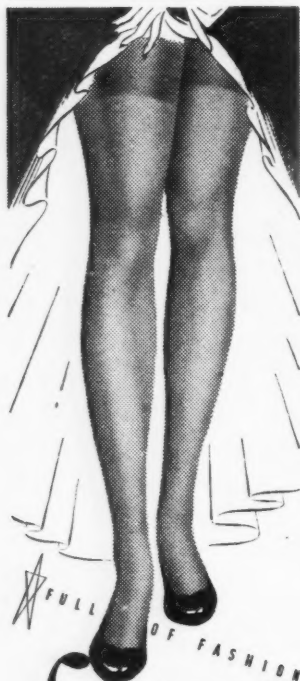
Every Rolex ladies' watch is an original creation designed by Rolex craftsmen, many of whom are actually descended from the founders of the Genevan Guild of Craftsmanship, one of the most famous of all mediaeval guilds.



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Leaders in fashion and precision

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AND
BOOTH
IN NEW DUET**

**Why important
people are
Ronson people**

This famous husband-and-wife singing team agree about lighters—each has a Ronson. "Looks like a dream," says she. "Works like a dream," says he. "A Ronson lights up first time every time." People in the limelight must have only the best—naturally most choose a Ronson.

RONSON

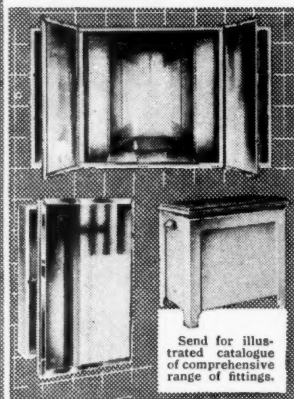
WORLD'S
GREATEST LIGHTER



Precision—built with simple one-finger, one-motion, safety action, this Ronson Standard Butler sells for 38/6 There are many other Ronson models in various styles and finishes. Don't accept imitations—look for the name Ronson.



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grow fonder



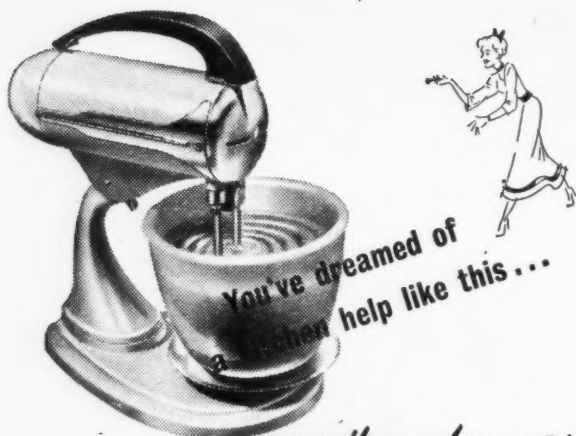
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Hazelnuts, Truffle—four
chocolates in Fortune assortment
made by
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Have a Jamal Wave—for your hair's
sake. It's smart ...
it's professional and it lasts,
naturally."

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... KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR



You've dreamed of
... help like this ...

... now it can be yours!

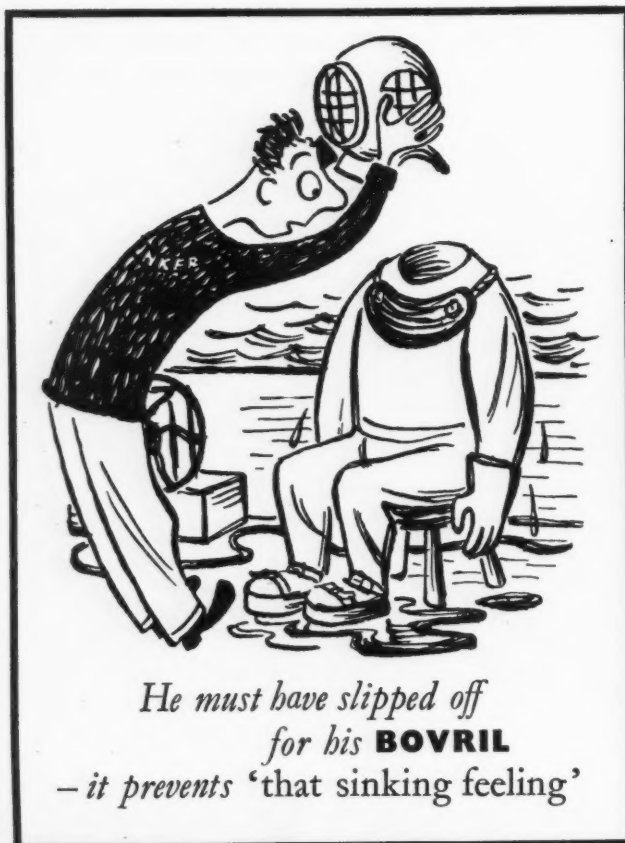
★ The story of Kenwood Electric Mixing is the subject of one of the most enlightening booklets you could hope to read. Send for your free copy today and for the name of the nearest Store where you can see the Kenwood in action.

Picture this streamlined multi-purpose Kenwood mixer in your kitchen—ready to do any one of a dozen wrist-aching jobs for you at the flick of a switch! It's something straight from the luxury kitchen of the future—but it's here for you now! Whenever there's a job of mixing, beating, stirring, whipping, juice extracting to be done, just switch on your Kenwood. You've never seen cake mixtures so feathery-light—never had creamed potatoes of such velvet smoothness. Once you've had the help of a Kenwood you'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Find out more about the Kenwood—you deserve its help.

The Kenwood MIXER

with a multitude of uses

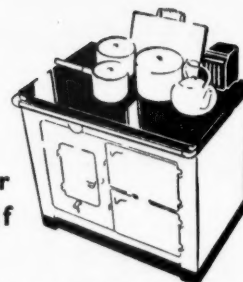
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KENWOOD ELECTRICS LTD. (DEPT B16) 161 OXFORD STREET, W.1



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for his **BOVRIL**
— it prevents 'that sinking feeling'

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the modern cooker
that pays for itself



Cooking is a pleasure with an ESSE. The hotplate is extra fast-boiling and in every ESSE there are at least two ovens, one for roasting and one for slow-cooking. Both hotplate and ovens are always hot 24 hours a day.

As for fuel saving! Headaches about bills are banished with an ESSE. For example, the No. 3 Fairy illustrated cooks for six and supplies constant hot water on approximately 26 lbs. of coke in 24 hours. Compare this with your pre-

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Refuelling is particularly simple. The filling-plug is removed and coke nuts 'poured' into the hopper from the handy hod supplied. Anthracite and Phurnacite are also suitable.

Other standard features are—thermostatic control, thermometer, towel rail and shining porcelain enamel finish.

QUICK DELIVERY. Write for details. Hire Purchase arranged.

The ESSE COOKER Company
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854
Head Office: Bonnybridge, Scotland
London: 46 Davies Street, W.1
and Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

TRUST A MAN...



...to find the easiest way
of doing a job...

He's not really lazy, he's just demonstrating to his wife that there is no longer any need for her to grovel about on her hands and knees, polishing floors. The JUNO Electric Floor Polisher does it all—does it better—does it quicker. Wood, linoleum and tiles... surrounds as well as large floors... all with lightly guided one-hand operation.

In rich chocolate brown £19.3.9 Tax Paid
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Complete with polishing felt for final finish

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No smears
or patterns
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No belts to
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No radio
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Outshines all others!

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Plate Powder • Silver Polish • Silver Cloths • Silver Wool



You'll be glad you got

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SHERRY

That most delicious sauce . . .



BY APPOINTMENT-C. SHIPPAM LTD.-SUPPLIERS OF MEAT AND FISH PASTES TO H.M. THE KING



Tea-time
treat—

Shippam's

PILCHARD AND TOMATO PASTE

Nothing else is quite so tasty as this blend of fine Cornish Pilchards and ripe tomatoes. And now there's no need to make-do with second best. Your grocer has good supplies of the real thing. Ask for it by name and see you get it.

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5

How best to Invest

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57, Fawcett Street, Sunderland.

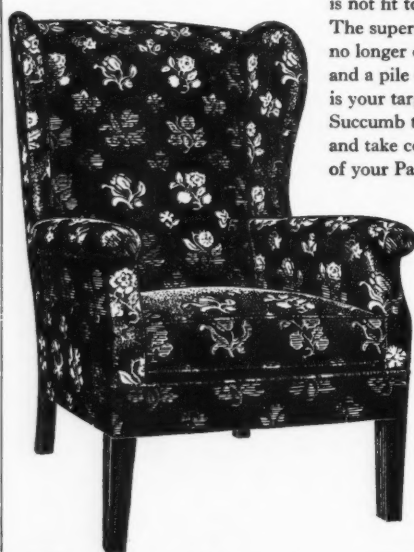
*** NORTH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY • NORTH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY ***



'Milk of Magnesia'* Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

30 Tablets 1/3 — 75 Tablets 2/6
150 Tablets 4/6

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE
CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



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CAMPDEN MODEL*
The name of your nearest stockist and an illustrated folder will be sent you on request. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Park-Knoll" on your receipt.

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CVS-24

The measurement of coatings on ferrous bases and of any non-magnetic sheet can be read instantly with the Elcometer. A pocket instrument affording spot checks or for constant application in the works.

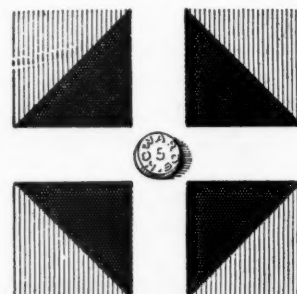
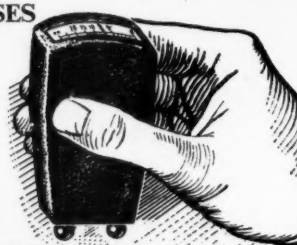
The
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British Pat. No. 515221
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Others Pending

Write for descriptive leaflet P8

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... give over fifty variations of tone and power, including Microphonic and Magnetic Hearing.

Different types of deafness call for different aids . . . You are earnestly advised to use **Hearing Aid of *proved* performance**, designed and adjusted by experts for your particular case. After 26 years of constant research and *genuine* service to the DEAF, OssiCaide have a range of **SEVEN SUPERB AIDS** which, with expert fitting and adjustment for the individual, are capable of over fifty different variations in tone and power. Each aid is a technical triumph . . . one of them will give you nearest-to-normal hearing.

Model R.P.14—Just perfected—is the smallest efficient hearing aid ever offered to the Deaf. Study these features:

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6 **Size only $3\frac{7}{8}'' \times 1\frac{1}{8}'' \times 1\frac{1}{8}''$**
7 **Weight less than 410gms.**

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Send to-day for details of an aid to give you clear full-tone hearing . . . one which can be concealed . . . one which you can have *now*. Also **FREE** of "The Theory and Practice of Magnetic Hearing."

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(N.B. Nife batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

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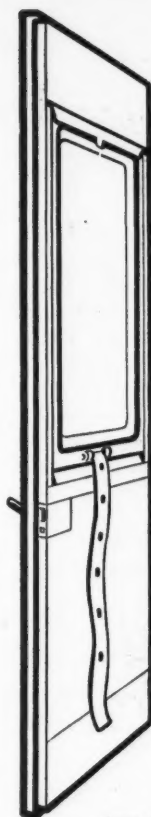


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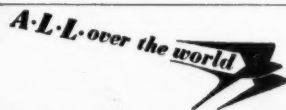


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will buy one child's food for a week.

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BEDEL ALPHABET
 is such that by means of it :

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The BEDEL Alphabet is described in "Why Not English?" by P. D. Ridge-Beedle, an interesting and informative book about English spelling. Price 10/6 through any bookseller, or post free from the Publishers,

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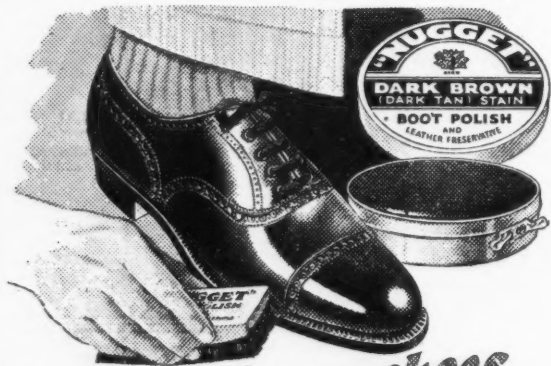
*You should
see the
men's new floor*

We've opened a new floor at 100 Regent Street, entirely devoted to suits for men. There are suits for both town and country, all as expertly cut as the suit in the picture, and in materials worthy of the tailoring. What's more, we've worked out a range of fittings so large that you can be certain of finding the suit you've been looking for in a size that fits you. Prices are from 14 to 25 guineas.

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REGENT 4114



*Give your brown shoes
a good ^{wax} polish*

For a rich brown colour, a quick, brilliant and lasting shine Nugget Dark Brown (Stain) Polish is supreme.

A little Nugget every day improves your shoes in every way.

NUGGET **BOOT POLISH**
Supreme for Quality

Black, Light Brown and Dark Brown. Tins 4d. & 8d.

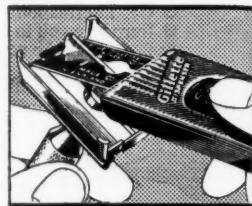
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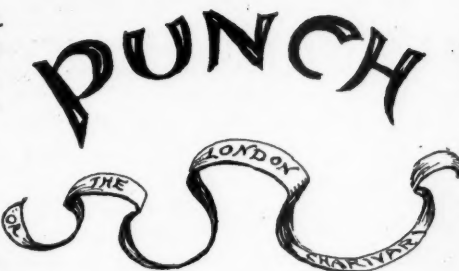
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Cigar**
*for the
best
days*



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MADE IN FIVE SIZES

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CHARIVARIA

A BLUE-NOSED shark has been seen at Bognor Regis. Longshoremen says this means that the water is now getting a little chilly for bathing.

More Juvenile Delinquency

"About half the potato crop in Scotland was lifted by school children."—*B.B.C. Overseas News Bulletin*

A gramophone record of a British baby crying loudly was sent to its grandparents in Washington. Unfortunately it arrived just too late to supplement the appeals of Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford.



Parts of an ancient Roman bust were discovered in Essex, together with fragments of wine-cups, platters and broken ornaments. It looks as if the party got out of hand.

"They are going at it literally hammer and tongs," said Mr. Stewart MacPherson in a recent boxing commentary. A wild swing with the hammer can often be evaded by a straight jab with the tongs.

"The comfortable bedrooms at the Inn have modern beds, G.P.O. telephones, and gas fires. Terms mod.—early tea and paper thrown in."—*Isle of Wight paper*
A small tip will ensure adequate warning.

An American engineer refers to a new machine which can match colours. There's a fortune in it if it can only remember to post letters as well.

Greek soldiers have been playing football on active service. There is a strict local rule that the ball shall not be retrieved if kicked into Albania.

A correspondent recalls that as a schoolboy he was severely caned for refusing to sit for an examination. This had the effect of making him feel even less inclined to sit for an examination.

"Perks hit Rabone over the sight-screen, and with Valentine collected $\frac{1}{2}$ in 12 minutes. The end of the innings was exciting."—*Evening paper*

No doubt he had the other half when he got back to the pavilion.

As a boy, Mozart remarked that his father always blew his nose in G. He should have been thankful the old man hadn't got A fever.



"BOROUGH OF BRIDGWATER SHORTHORN-TYPIST (FEMALE)

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned permanent whole-time appointment in the Town Clerk's office." *Somerset paper*

"Come up, Lightfoot."

A veteran cricketer recalls a fast bowler who would occasionally turn a somersault after delivering a ball. Somebody should try this at Lord's next year—with a crescendo roll of drums during his run-up.



BY GUESS AND BY DEW

IT will be restful to minds and bodies wearied by economic argument and the heat of the past summer to try to make an egg mount up of itself. I know how to do this and gladly pass the information on to others less lucky.

TO MAKE AN EGG MOUNT UP OF ITSELF

Make a little hole in the shell of the egg, and so take out the yolk and the white, and fill the egg-shell with dew, then stop up the hole and expose it to the rays of the sun at noon day; for then the dew, not being able to bear the light, nor too great heat, will rise with the egg-shell, especially if it leans against a little stick or piece of wood, that slopes never so little, and if the hole is well stopped.

It is as simple as that. Ozanam, who describes the trick in his *Recreations for Gentlemen and Ladies*, published in 1759 (a year memorable also for the taking of Quebec), does not particularize his method of gathering the dew; but the reader will find that if he holds an egg-cup in the early morning beneath a blade of grass that slopes never so little, and then taps the blade sharply with an egg-spoon, the globule of dew, not being able to bear the sudden shock, will fall down of itself into the cup. Then, when the cup is full, let him insert the dew into the egg through the little hole that he has made in the shell, and thereafter make haste to call the Gentlemen and Ladies from their beds that they may be ready and eager for their Recreation at noon day.

This Ozanam, by the way, cannot be the Ozanam you will find in your encyclopædia, who filled the chair of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne in 1841 and wrote *Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au XIIIe Siècle*. I suspect that our Ozanam was the grandfather of the philosopher—an interesting example of heredity and how one thing leads to another. Columbus, to take another instance, had an altogether inferior method of making an egg mount up of itself, and his grandson, as a result, does not get into the encyclopædia at all.

I confess that I might never have heard of the Ozanams, and their respective books, were it not that a small booklet called *Magic of the Ancients*, recently published by George Johnson Magical Publications, has come my way. In this amiable pamphlet you may learn "How to Seem to Blow a Sixpence out of Another Man's Hand" (Richard Neve, 1721), how "To Thrust a Dagger into your Guts, Very Strangely, and to Recover Immediately" (from "The Whole Art of Legerdemain or Hocus Pocus in Perfection"—H. Dean, 1722), how to cut a man's nose off by the dreaded Taliacotian Operation, "a very horrifying appearance which need cause no alarm," and many another pleasant and profitable recreation. Of them all—and especially at this time, when the egg trick is a little out of season ("May dew is best," says Mr. Ozanam, in conclusion)—I recommend "The Card Hit Upon by Guess," from *Philosophical Recreations*, which appeared

as recently as 1870, and I take the liberty of lifting it bodily from Mr. George Johnson's work.

THE CARD HIT UPON BY GUESS

Spread part of a pack before a person in such a way that only one court card is visible; and to arrange it that it shall appear the most prominent and striking card. You desire him to think on one and observing if he fix his eye on the court card. When he tells you he has determined on one, shuffle the cards, and turning them up one by one, when you come to the court card, tell him that is the one.

Excellent! A very workmanlike little trick. But suppose the person is recalcitrant and does not fix his eye on the court card? The unnamed author of *Philosophical Recreations* (not, I think, the younger Ozanam, for he died in 1853, and books of this type are rarely published posthumously) is aware of the danger and quick to guard against it.

If he does not seem to fix his eye on the court card, you should not hazard the experiment; but frame an excuse for performing some other amusement; neither should it be attempted with those who are conversant with these sort of deceptions.

Good again! The whole beauty of this trick is that, if you follow the directions carefully, you can hardly go wrong. Just one final word, however, to the reader who attempts this trick and decides, after all, not to hazard the experiment. When he has framed his excuse for performing some other amusement, would he very kindly send it along to me? I want to hang it in some prominent place in my recreation room.

H. F. ELLIS

§ §

PROOF

IT had been raining in the night, the blue
Cascaded from the sky into each pool.
The birds, whose bathing day was overdue,
Paddled and prinked or frankly played the fool.

It had been raining in the night. I sat
Under a clean Catalpa tree whose flowers
Kept in each cup a store of rain and that
Involved me on and off in local showers.

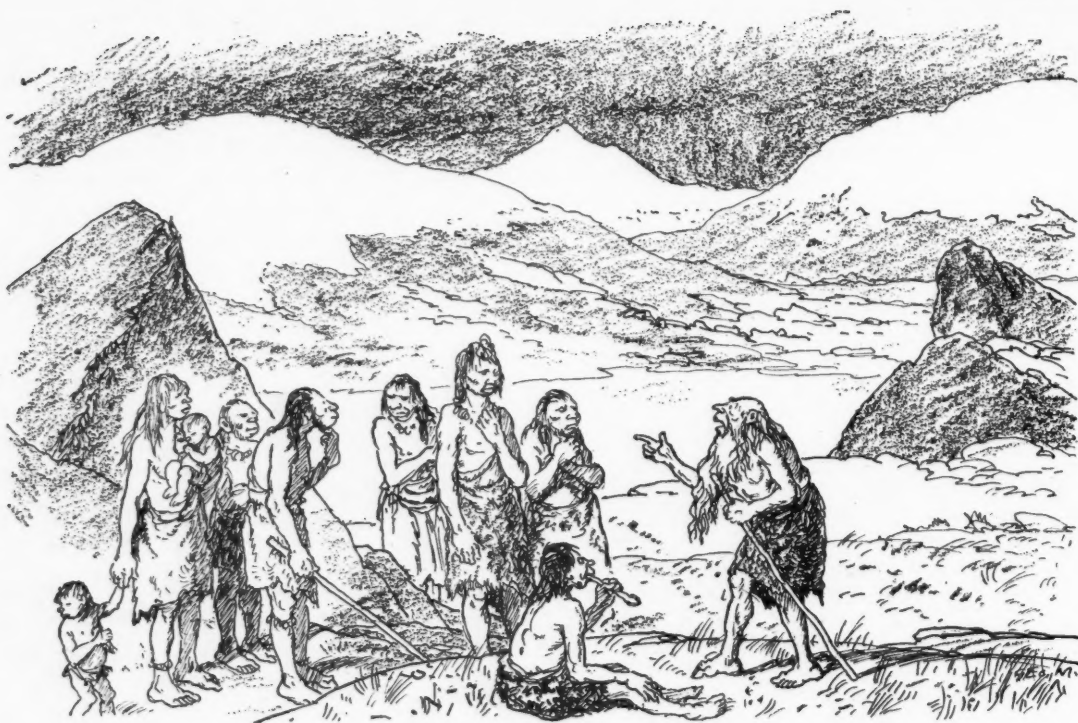
It had been raining in the night and on
The faces of the fuchsias there were tears
While all the weeping beeches beamed and shone
And did their best to look like chandeliers.

It had been raining in the night, the dew
Concocts on every leaf a little prism
Rather the same—but this was rain, I knew;
Only the rain so stirs my rheumatism.

DANIEL PETTIWARD



THE WELFARE STATE



"Now, in the good old days—"

MRS. RICHARDS' PROFESSION

DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I write on behalf and at the request of Mrs. Ethel Richards, proprietress of "Pebble-dash View" Boarding House, Broxton-on-Sea, Hants. This lady is in receipt of your pamphlet U.R.3, entitled "Unlicensed Residential Establishment Wages Board," and wishes to take advantage of the statement contained on the cover that "the Wages Board will consider any written representation with respect to these proposals if made within twenty-one days." The following representation is a transcript of sundry disconnected remarks addressed to me by the proprietress across the table of "Pebble-dash View" during my recent holiday. I have not hesitated, whenever necessary in the interest of clarity or mutual goodwill, to alter the wording of the representation.

"Pebble-dash View," sir, unquestionably comes under the proposed regulations because it has

four double rooms to let and a bath with geyser. It also has a harmonium, but that is neither here nor there and very much in the way of anyone carrying suitcases downstairs at odd hours. On pages 14-20 of your schedule, sir, you list the employees likely to be found in unlicensed residential establishments. You mention and define the duties of the *chef garde-manger*, *chef de partie*, *commis pâtissier*, *commis saucier*, still-room maid, *chef entre-métier* and many other workers, but you do not seem to include the denomination—"girl." We are confronted at the outset, therefore, with the problem of deciding into which category Mrs. Richards' one and only assistant, Mrs. Harrison, shall be placed.

Another difficulty concerns meals. On page 3 you make the peculiar remark—"Where Col. 2 is not applicable and the employer supplies the worker with such meals as are normally available in the

establishment during the time the worker is on duty"—and this, we take it, has some bearing on the girl's scale of remuneration. But, sir, Mrs. Richards would respectfully point out that your "such meals as are normally available" is too narrow a definition for our purpose. The availability of Mrs. Harrison's meals is simplified by the fact that she harbours the key to the larder, while her snacks are so abnormal in their incidence that they constitute a running buffet. Mrs. Richards maintains that if all this is taken into account the girl's remuneration is equivalent to that of your "Fishmonger-poulterer, Assistant (male)." It would help, therefore, if in all future communications on the subject you would refer to Mrs. Richards' assistant as her fishmonger-poulterer, assistant (male), unless, of course, such a device would throw your statistics out of line. At this end, however, we propose to grade

the girl forthwith in the above manner.

On page 5, sir, you say, "Where the employer requires the worker to wear protective clothing of a character distinctive to establishment and does not provide it free of charge to the worker, the weekly minimum remuneration in respect of such a worker shall be that specified in column (2), (3) or (4) of the Table in paragraph 2 with an ADDITION at the rate of 2s. 6d., per week." Now Mrs. Harrison can certainly be said to wear clothing of a character distinctive to the establishment. At breakfast, lunch and dinner she appears in a yellowish kimono-type overall with a slit-skirt, high-heeled court shoes and thick grey ankle-socks, a swept-up hair-do and a cigarette in an amber holder. This outfit, over the years, has come to be recognized as the official uniform of "Pebble-dash View" and is not subject to alteration. This costume is not exactly provided free of charge by the proprietress, though the garments do change hands without any financial settlement. The matter is further complicated by the fact that Mrs. Harrison crochets all Mrs. Richards' gloves and jumpers (the wool being supplied by the latter) to Mrs. Richards' entire satisfaction and once again without monetary consideration. When I add that the crocheting is done on the premises—usually in the cool of the larder—you will see how intricate the arrangement is.

If the Wages Board insists that this arrangement should now be put on a more businesslike footing it might be better to grade Mrs. Harrison as "Lift attendant (male)" instead of "Fishmonger-poulterer, Assistant (male)." On this point we await your instructions.

The final difficulty concerns your passage on page 7 (paragraph 11) in which you state that "Where a worker is required temporarily to perform the duties of a worker entitled to a higher weekly minimum remuneration than himself for a period of not less than four consecutive hours, he shall be paid for the time so worked, up to a period of two consecutive weeks, not less

than the average of the remuneration which would have been payable under the provisions of this schedule had the worker been employed for the same hours in his normal occupation and the remuneration otherwise payable for that number of hours to a worker of the higher grade." You see, sir, Mrs. Harrison is always transferred to a higher grade when Mrs. R. goes to the pictures, which she does twice a week (Tuesdays and Fridays) unless Disney happens to be on at the Regal or the Paramount. Technically speaking, Mrs. H. combines the duties of cashier, porter, *chef garde-manger*, *chef rôtissier*, cleaner, receptionist, fireman, *commis saucier*, plateman and house detective. So far, there has been no adjustment in financial remuneration to meet this up-grading, though for some years Mrs. Harrison has been at home on Tuesday and Friday evenings to her friends. And these friends have hearty, Harrison-type appetites. If this additional payment in kind (plus the use of the harmonium) is now to be given a cash value it would seem that Mrs. Harrison's niche in the Wages Board's schedule should be that of "*Commis saucier* (Sauce Cook)" or, taking the goods at cost, "Fireman, patrol."

An early reply, with your instructions, would be greatly appreciated by your obedient servants, Ethel Clarice Richards and—

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"A surcharge is added to all gills."
Hotel menu

So stick to pints.

I HOPE THIS MAKES YOU CRY

BENEATH the village chestnut
The village boyhood stands
With bright and eager faces
And filthy knees and hands.

Their stones and sticks and faggots
They cast them heaven-high
To fall in various places
And wound the passers-by.

The prickly treasures tumble,
The shining spoils are shown,
And each one clouts his neighbour
And calls the prize his own.

They pierce the taken trophies
That have no lure for age,
And string them for the contests
That once I used to wage.

The battles I engaged in
I now shall fight no more,
I muse on other chestnuts
That fell from boughs of yore;

Till sinks the autumn twilight
And distant fields grow gray,
The fun, the filth, the fighting
Are over for the day;

Till sinks the autumn twilight,
And lonely on the lea
And looking somewhat battered
Remains the unconquered tree.

EVOE





IN SEARCH OF CALLIOPE: BARNET FAIR

DO not frown, reader, or tell me that the lady of our title was Minister of Poetry Production (Epic and Heroic) in the Cabinet of the Muses, and had therefore nothing to do with fairs; for she gave her name (very willingly, I imagine) to the most uplifting of all musical instruments, beside which the gittern, the virginals, the seraphina, the shawm and even the *cornet à pistons* are no more than regrettable cat-calls. She gave her name, I say, to the exquisite steam-organ that, mounted in the jolly heart of the roundabout, used to raise our spirits higher than the soaring chairs. So that, whenever I go to a fair, Calliope the spluttering, the asthmatic, the lovable is always in my mind.

We chose Barnet because, seven centuries old, it is still the biggest annual horse-fair in the country, and because, although it no longer has its place in the narrow High Street and is already something of a fugitive in the Green Belt, it has very gallantly retained its rural character. Once through the gate into the large tree-flanked field and the nearest tube-station might be five hundred miles away. Chain-



stores have cut out the stalls that once were the delight of farmers' wives, while at night a

magnificent blaze of electricity gives an effect still magical but less dramatic than the sudden dazzling black-and-white of the old naphtha flares; but the people and the horses, the core of the fair, are much the same.

There is no shortage yet of bent old men with faces of pemmican, and there are plenty of children (with shillings in their pockets instead of pennies), some of them wearing jodhpurs and sizing up the horses with the eyes of old copers . . .

This is the second of the three days, and already hooves are churning the grass into a dust bowl. Gigs and buggies and the long refreshment tents that fringe the field give a slightly Western atmosphere, which is violently emphasized when thirty or forty New Forest ponies race among us in such a wild, leaping drove that we listen for the six-shooters and look about for the great hat of the sheriff. Hot and panting, the little ponies form into a defensive scrum, heads in, feet out, and the sales begin.

With memories of Bampton Fair, last year, where a vintage

auctioneer was in command, I find the Barnet technique at first a trifle baffling. Interested parties conduct their own sales, and with the utmost mystery. "Who wants a pony, beauties all!" cries a dealer, and casting a powerful glance around the crowd appears to hypnotize a small man in a muffler. Very reluctantly the latter advances a few faltering paces, when the two fall into a cabalistic huddle, in which they might be planning murder or swearing privily to right some fearful



wrong. A second customer, attracted by the bucking pony now being dragged from the serum, joins them and the whispering grows fiercer though no more audible. The dealer throws his arm affectionately round

the first man's neck, we hold our breath, and quite suddenly the drama ends. The dealer slaps his hand loudly, and with his victim makes off hurriedly towards the bar. I think I like it better the Bampton way, but this suggestion of top-secrets is far from dull. Nine pounds, that pony went for, reports the underground . . .

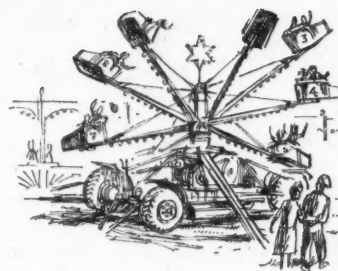
And so the sales go on, far into the afternoon. The butchers are buying, we fear, in spite of prices two or three times what they were at Bampton. There are some fine hunters, a row of sturdy farm-horses, a few donkeys, and a cluster of glistening Welsh cobs. The crowd forms into several loose rings, to be scattered every now and then by a hoarse yell of "Where's the man who wants to take his old lady out on a Saturday afternoon?" as a youth bursts through, giving an exhibition canter in a trap. "Liddle horses are going," growls a wispy old man beside me. "They dratted eight-horse vans are the death of 'em."

All morning the proceedings have been punctuated by a roar of "Jelly! Jelly! Lovely grub!" that was not to be ignored. Going across at lunch-time to a stall shaded by an umbrella of maharajah's calibre, I find myself immediately, as you might say, hock-deep in the jellied-eel industry. While I slither uncertainly through a bowl of concentrated sea-fruit, bright blue and highly resistant to the spoon, the

owner of the stall recounts his remarkable story. Although the scion of a family much-respected in jellied circles, he feared to have his judgment warped by tradition, and therefore when he left the Army spent his educational grant at London University, under the leading *anguillist* of the time. Having mastered the eel's biology he then apprenticed himself to a jelly-minded cook, and after that threw himself into a gruelling course in buying at Billingsgate. Thus armed he can reject the most splendid looking eels, he claims, at as much as ten yards on the soundest scientific and epicurean principles.

I must admit his eels go down like a deputation from the Sargasso. His is a queer business. He makes large profits in the summer, and loses all the winter, when the price of Danish eels rockets. He buys at five in the morning, nourishes fairs and race-meetings all day, and cooks at night, listening carefully to the weather-report before deciding the critical proportions of his jelly. Giving me an impressive list of men famous in the Member's Enclosure who apparently subsist entirely on his wares, he tells me he has four stalls already and looks forward confidently to a future of even brighter blue. When I ask him about the chances of his industry being nationalized, he replies cryptically that eels are a lot harder to get hold of than steel.

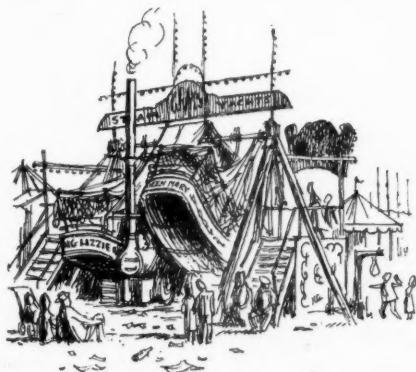
As soon as the sun sets and the lights go up we move across the lane to the fun-fair. In the shape, as it should be, of a large horse-shoe, its sides house many old friends. Coconut-shies—"Empire Throwing Saloon, One Ball, One Nut"—two-tvos, air-rifles, darts, Aunt Sallies of every description. I form a favourable view of a diversion in which one launches a celluloid horse with rickets down an uneven slope, and draws a



prize should he pass through a gate at the bottom, which is farther than he cares to go. In the centre of the horse-shoe are the vaster blood-chilling enterprises. The two that chiefly catch our fancy are a really beautiful steam traction-engine, a poem in battered iron (which should chug its way easily into any Victorian anthology), rocking a pair of great boats crammed with screaming infants; and an up-to-the-minute electric monster called the Octopus which hurtles its delirious victims round the sky in a very satisfactory manner. At the top of the field are the raree-shows. I visit Tiny Tim, The Smallest Horse Alive, who courteously spares a moment from his supper to exchange the time of night, and I take a lonely trip through a haunted house in a ghost-train; but I got a bigger thrill, I think, out of the strange saga of the jellied eel. The barker, by the way, has gone, his successor being a youth murmuring stertorously into a horrible mike; and the caravan sitter-in seems not yet to have arrived, judging by the number of yawning babies we meet propped against their parents' stalls. Everyone is almost frighteningly well-behaved. Huge mobile fish-and-chipperies strike a modern note, but perhaps the change most evident is the disappearance of the Sticky Sweet for a curious new concoction known as Candy Floss, which looks like a bushel of pink cotton-wool growing on the end of a stick . . .

And Calliope? Alas, she has gone too, her place lamentably taken by the brazen cacophony of canned swing. Late in the evening I ran to earth a sort of very poor relation—a musette, I suppose—but she was electric and the essential asthma was lacking.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Dear Mr. Prohack—*Top o' the Morning*

DEAR Mr. Prohack (Director: THORNTON FREELAND) turns ARNOLD BENNETT's novel into a tremendously playful topical joke—in some of the dialogue one catches the exact flavour of the sort of news-reference that is coldly slipped into a dull spot in a radio comedy-show in the absolute certainty that it will make the studio audience clap—but it's so brightly done that it is honestly enjoyable. I read the novel once, but since I read it as a serial in *The Westminster Gazette* I can't pretend I remember it or suppose I was very critical at the time. What I do know is that it's very minor Bennett, so that few people are likely to cry "Sacrilège!" at the liberties that have obviously been taken with the details of the story and the dialogue. The basic idea of the whole thing is that Mr. Prohack, a respected senior official at the Treasury preoccupied with the necessity for national as well as personal economy, comes into so much money that personal economy becomes absurd; and that basic idea is peculiarly suitable for embroidering with present-day economic details, with which we are all (theoretically) so familiar that they have only to be mentioned in any kind of entertainment for a good many of us to laugh heartily. It is from situation, topical reference and the consciously facetious rhetoric of Mr. Prohack himself (CECIL PARKER) that the film gets its laughs, for there is no depth of characterization at all: everybody is a type—the silly wife, the charming daughter, the rash son, and so forth. But the laughs are there; capable players, in particular Mr. PARKER himself, handle their clichés with a brisk competence that renovates them. As a whole the film seemed to me

shallow and unimportant, but undeniably attractive.

The latest film to combine the special talents of BING CROSBY and BARRY FITZGERALD is *Top o' the*



(Dear Mr. Prohack)

Monocular Visions

Mr. Arthur Prohack—CECIL PARKER;
Lady Maslam—HEATHER THATCHER

Morning (Director: DAVID MILLER), a work of baffling and indeed irritating diversity, the story of which seems to bear the marks of having been "made up as it went along." I suppose this is a false impression, for all these shots at the box-office are very scientifically aimed; but one can't resist the

feeling that the first lighthearted scenes were written without any idea that the climax of the story would involve a murder by a character hitherto presented as a simple-minded comedian. The film begins like a hard-working piece of Irish whimsy on what a sub-title archly describes as a "young, impatient morning," and for some time belabours the idea that the Blarney Stone has been stolen. Then it appears that the Stone is insured in the U.S. and the company's detective (Mr. CROSBY) is sent over to investigate, though not before he has revealed his Oirish affiliations (and planted childish charm in the correct spot in the film) by singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" to the small daughter of a passport photographer. Later comes the business with the small boys (as in *Going My Way* and the others) and the business of the lively Yank in the comic foreign land (as in *The Emperor Waltz* and *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*). And so on, with songs—not up to much—right and left; but towards the end, as I say, the mood goes to pieces with the introduction of business from a totally different shelf.

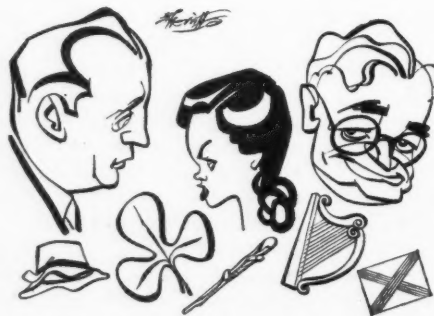
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Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The London shows I would recommend most highly are *The Third Man* (14/9/49)—CAROL REED's direction of GRAHAM GREENE's script, and *The Blum Affair*, a very well-done German piece about anti-Semitism in the pre-Hitler period.

Again the announced releases offer nothing to be emphatic about. *Magic Town* (17/8/49) has much good fun mixed with too much sentimentality; *Maytime in Mayfair* (8/6/49) is the latest Wilcox-Neagle-Wilding work, about which most people know their feelings before, or without, seeing it. RICHARD MALLETT



(Top o' the Morning)

Bedaddery

Joe Mulqueen—BING CROSBY; Conn McNaughton—ANN BLYTH; Briany McNaughton—BARRY FITZGERALD

COSMOS IN THE DRAWING ROOM

CUTFORTH was striding up and down the room, eyes closed.

"Judging by my works you might, I suppose, call me a philosopher," he said. "But for the past—for the past—for the past short while I have dealt with nothing but my own particular—"

He looked at the reporter.

"You take shorthand, I hope?"

The reporter bowed his head and gritted his teeth.

"—branch. I suppose, since you ask me—"

The reporter started, but quickly recovered himself.

"—I should describe myself as a Cosmogonist. A person who, in short—What?—Oh, yes, well I should put stroke K, circle S, stroke Gay, curve N, ST loop neglects all other considerations, abstract and otherwise, for a well write it out in full then for a concentrated investigation into the origination—"

He stood still.

"Have you caught up yet? The origination of the Universe there's a shorthand contraction for it, and the earliest beginnings of its circle NH, stroke B, stroke T halved,

circle NS inhabitants—yes, I was a journalist once."

(Cutforth really wants to be an eccentric so much more than a Cosmogonist. I don't know why he tries so hard; he'll never be one, and he's been the other for years and years.)

"As for my private life, my tastes, in quaint contrast to my daily work, are simple and unadorned—*unadorned*, why can't you listen?"

"It's a cliché," I said.

He paused, eyes still shut, as though waiting for somebody else to answer me. Then—

"I am unassuming and hum—yes humble, and only too aware of the magnitude all right I'll go slowly over the long words mag-nit-ude of the problems still to be in-vest-ig-ated."

He opened his eyes.

"How does that balance?"

"Oh, it balances all right," said the reporter soothingly. "Like anything. I ought to tell you, though—"

"As your paper allowance has been increased," Cutforth went on grandly, "I think we might add a last paragraph. No, stick it in earlier. I first became interested it's

another contraction in Cosmogony through reading the book of Gen-es-is, which set me wondering WUND-RING, like that—" He described the shorthand symbol with his finger.

"—whether there could be any reasonable—look here, ask me afterwards. I'm trying to think," he added indulgently to the reporter.

"Ah!" whispered the reporter.

"Now, where was I? Whether there could be any sensible—"

"Reasonable." (Me.)

"Reasonable—um—reasonable—alternativesolution."

The reporter's pencil broke. Cutforth was gazing into cosmic space.

"That's all I can say. Show him out, would you," he said absently.

"What's all this for?" I asked the reporter at the door.

"Snappy six-line paragraphs on where authors spend their holidays," he replied grimly.

"But what made you come to him?"

"Waited outside the Authors' Club and followed the first person who came out."

"Ah, he must have been delivering a letter or something," I murmured.





"Shouldn't a man's coat be fastened up the other way?"

ENOSIS

IT is a pity that newspaper headlines are generally written in a hurry. So often the result is a slipshod use of English, with words perverted from their accepted meanings. Thus in my newspaper the other day I came across a Reuter's dispatch from Cyprus which bore the completely misleading heading:

"LEAFLETS HIT GOVERNOR"

One naturally assumes that the leaflets hit the Governor in the same sense in which, for example, Half-Back Injuries might Hit Newcastle, or Marmalade Cuts Hit Small Shopkeepers. But on reading further it became apparent that the sub-editor had used the word "hit" to denote an actual physical contact, more or less violent, between the Governor in question and the leaflets aforesaid. Still, as I say, he was writing in a hurry, and we must not be too hard on him.

It is of course most regrettable that any British subject should take it upon himself to throw things at the appointed representative of the Crown. If, however, missiles are to be thrown, the selection of printed matter for that purpose does show a certain refinement of taste. One condemns the throwers, but one feels that the fact that they did not elect to throw tomatoes (one of the principal exports of the island) or dead cats reflects a modest degree of credit on this country's Colonial policy. There are worse things to be struck with than a leaflet "demanding," as Reuter reports, "enosis."

Then, too, these Cyprian demonstrators do at least know their own minds. Enosis, and nothing but enosis, is what they want, and they drive their point home: "Later," the report goes on, "while the Governor was inspecting agricultural produce, several young men

shouted: 'We want enosis.' Police intervened."

It is no sinecure nowadays being a Governor. What would you or I do if, while we were trying to think of some apposite and agreeable observation about a prize cucumber, several young men began to shout: "We want enosis"? I have no hesitation in saying that most of us would be quite at a loss.

It is only fair to observe at this stage that there is a slight element of doubt about the actual words used by the demonstrators. The population of Cyprus, according to the census of 1946, is 462,318; and according to *Whitaker's Almanack* the majority of these speak either Greek or Turkish. Whitaker further observes, however, that "the educated classes" speak English and French, and adds that the shape of the island is an irregular parallelogram. Now people who attend

agricultural shows for the purpose of distributing leaflets demanding enosis are pretty certainly of the educated classes. It is clear, therefore, that what they actually shouted (it was probably more in the nature of a rhythmic chant) was either "We want enosis," or "*Nous demandons l'enosis.*" In either case the meaning is equally clear, I think. Of course, if there happened to be present a group of unlettered peasants who were shouting the same thing in Turkish, the effect would be different and, to the untrained ear, meaningless.

To save crossword-solving readers the trouble of getting up and fetching their dictionaries, by the way, I can state with some confidence that they will not find what they are looking for. The nearest my own dictionary gets to it, alphabetically speaking, is "Enorthotrope"—which, as any schoolboy knows, is "a toy consisting of a card on which confused objects are transformed into various pictures, by causing it to revolve rapidly." The experiment of cutting out this article, pasting it on a card, and mounting it on the back wheel of an inverted bicycle (the pedals then being turned by hand) is recommended to earnest inquirers. Others may be contented, or at any rate slightly mollified, to know that "enosis," according to Reuter's correspondent, means "union with Greece." Even with this knowledge, however, we cannot help feeling vaguely uneasy over the whole episode; and it is to be hoped that the Government will do something about it. Otherwise the next thing we shall see will be a party of Welsh Nationalists marching down Whitehall with a banner inscribed: "Meiosis for Llandrindod Wells," and throwing leeks at the Minister of Agriculture with the express intention of (in the cant phrase) hitting him. G. D. R. DAVIES

AT SILVER "C" HEIGHT

I HAD a lofty window on the world
At forty hundred feet and maybe more,
I heard no sound from far West Drayton's roar
Of traffic; just one single note was hurled
To me: the loco's whistle sadly skirled
Aloft and issued from the tiny plume it bore,
Which, draped along the silly, snaking core
Upon the track, so whitely was unfurled.
From Northolt to Heathrow and naught of man
Nor woman saw, nor any little child,
And everything was short or not at all.
The Earth appeared a flattened disc in plan,
From side to side the clouds were steam-train wild
And fair-sized Langley airfield seemed quite small.



"And now let me
take one of you." *fflkes*

"A boy student swatted Euclid and
Pythagoras at his home one evening."
Daily paper

They were dead but they wouldn't
lie down.



"To let you see how it would look on you abroad, sir."

MA KAUNG BU

(On seeing a picture of a soldier of the Fourth Burma Rifles in action against the Karens).

SOLDIER, were you with us in the far-off days
When the gliders landed at "Broadway" and you
marched out,

Probing ahead of the Columns the jungle ways,
With a "Burif" dah in the hand of the leading scout?

Do you remember the Meza above Indaw,
"White City," Kyaungle or the weary "Blackpool"
road?

Did you burn your signal beacons before the dawn
When the Daks droned in with the longed-for five-day
load?

Were you there when the tracks in the Bonchaung
Gorge were blown
Or when the Bridge went down above Mokpalin,
With the wide Sittang to swim? Were you at Thaton?
Did you trudge with us from Myawaddi to Zathabyin?

Do you remember the men who marched with us;
The kindly people who welcomed and gave us food?
Whom seek you now in the broken pagoda's dust?
How think you, soldier? *Ma kaung bu*—it is not
good.

STAFF MEETING

An H. J. Dramatic Fragment

HEADMASTER. I trust you have enjoyed your holidays, gentlemen, and have taken the opportunity to improve your minds ready for the coming term. I, myself, have revised my notes on "Free Trade" for the Sixth Form Current Affairs period.

MISS QUID. I have taken six lessons in drum-making. I thought I would start 1A on it this term.

HEADMASTER. No doubt if drum-making had been included in the curriculum you would have been notified of the fact. Now, several of the Governors on their visits have been unfavourably impressed with the Ethical Standards of the School, and I want us all to make a real attempt to improve this department of our work.

MR. PANDRY. They did not know Colonel Fawker was a Governor when they tarred and feathered him. They thought he was a new member of the Staff.

MR. BARDLE. There was no need for them to have used bad language.

MR. PANDRY. Well, he used it first; you never see things from the boys' point of view.

HEADMASTER. Now it is your co-operation and suggestions I am inviting to deal with the problem. We must tackle it together.

MISS QUID. It occurs to me that perhaps . . .

HEADMASTER. Ethics will be the direct responsibility of Form Masters. Each boy will be tested for Ethical Development at the beginning and end of term and the percentage increase or decrease reported to the office by midnight on the last Tuesday of term. The first period on Mondays will be Ethics; marks will be scaled down from a maximum of eighty-two in the weekly sheets. The scheme will be under the direction of Mr. Willis, who will duplicate sets of notes for use in each Form.

MR. WILLIS. What are Ethics?

HEADMASTER. In this school they will take a singular verb, if you do not mind. Next I turn to a most disturbing letter I have received from a parent. Mr. Huggle tells me that during a family discussion on the Caribbean area his son was unable to name a single primary product of the island of Porto Rico. Who takes Huggle for Geography?

MR. BARDLE. I suppose I do. He has his trombone lesson in one period and Salvage Sorting in the other.

HEADMASTER. Yes; well, you must put your best wits to work to see he gets taught, that is all.

MR. HANKER. May I raise the question of Beedle II? He has an insolent look in his eye—not, of course, when he is speaking to me, but when he is speaking to other masters.

HEADMASTER. Sir Pragny Beedle is an old friend of the School, a very old friend. I feel we must do everything we can to make his son feel at home among us. Perhaps his House Tutor could have a word with him.

MR. VICKETT. He says he has secretly tested the intelligence of the whole Staff and it is well below average in every case. He also keeps offering to interpret my dreams. It is all very difficult.

HEADMASTER. You are engaged to deal with difficulties, not to evade them. Let me have a report on the progress you have made by to-morrow morning. Now I have an interesting announcement. An anonymous donor has presented a cup to be awarded annually for ballooning. Competition will be on a House basis. Houses will construct their own balloons and the race will be held during break on the morning of the Swimming Sports. Exeats should be issued to the crews on the usual form.

MR. PANDRY. Hydrogen or helium?

HEADMASTER. I doubt if we can make helium. The Kipps apparatus will be available to Houses for the manufacture of hydrogen during the five days preceding the race.

MR. VICKETT. What about practising?

HEADMASTER. House Masters will give instruction in the general theory. It is undesirable to allow boys off the School premises until the last possible moment in term. Why has nobody inquired about ballast? This neglect of practical details places a well-nigh intolerable burden upon my shoulders. However, as so often before, I have thought for you. Copies of the School prospectus, made up in bundles, will be released over the countryside where necessary.

MISS QUID. May I put in a plea for more music-making? I do feel that there is nothing so fundamentally educational for growing children. The sense of rhythm that can be acquired from drums—and what more thrilling than to use a drum you have made yourself . . .

HEADMASTER. The last point on our agenda is Second Helpings. This is a matter upon which we have always allowed some freedom of choice. Unfortunately, there are boys who refuse them, and time is wasted while those who are not eating watch those who are. I calculate that nearly thirty-three boy-hours are thus unfilled each week, a lacuna on the Occupation Schedule which it is difficult to justify. In future, House Tutors will arrange that some worth-while activity is pursued by boys not wishing to partake further of the diet provided. Now, with my best wishes for a strenuous and fruitful term, I move that we adjourn.

MR. HANKER. I second.

MR. VICKETT. It is my turn: I second.

HEADMASTER. *Nem. con.* again!

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE

2 2

"The proposals for the food trades were first announced in February . . .

"When the proposals were put forward, Mr. Herman Kent, national secretary of the Grocers' Federation, issued a statement saying that they made mincemeat of the Government's White Paper on Personal Incomes."—"The Times"

So *that's* what it is.

UNBEETON MENUS (2)

Les Œufs

Two œufs is human, four or five divine.

Poulet en Casserole

In restaurants why does it happen
That *poulet*'s so frequently *lapin*?
Is it just one of those things
Or is it that neither has wings?

Jeunesse dorée

On menus every pig's a suckling,
Fowl is chicken, duck is duckling.
Restaurants possess in truth
The secret of eternal youth.

Artichokes

One sort of artichoke is globe
The other is Jerusalem,
But which is which I cannot probe—
I always seem to confusalem.

Bread and Water

Civilization has arranged it so
That bread and water is a mealtime low;
We take to bread when we have no more dough
And only when we owe too much, to *eau*.

Millefeuilles

Lots of people find Millefeuilles
Hard to pronounce. I can't think wheuilles.
JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"My father can go slower than yours."

A NIP IN THE AIR . . .

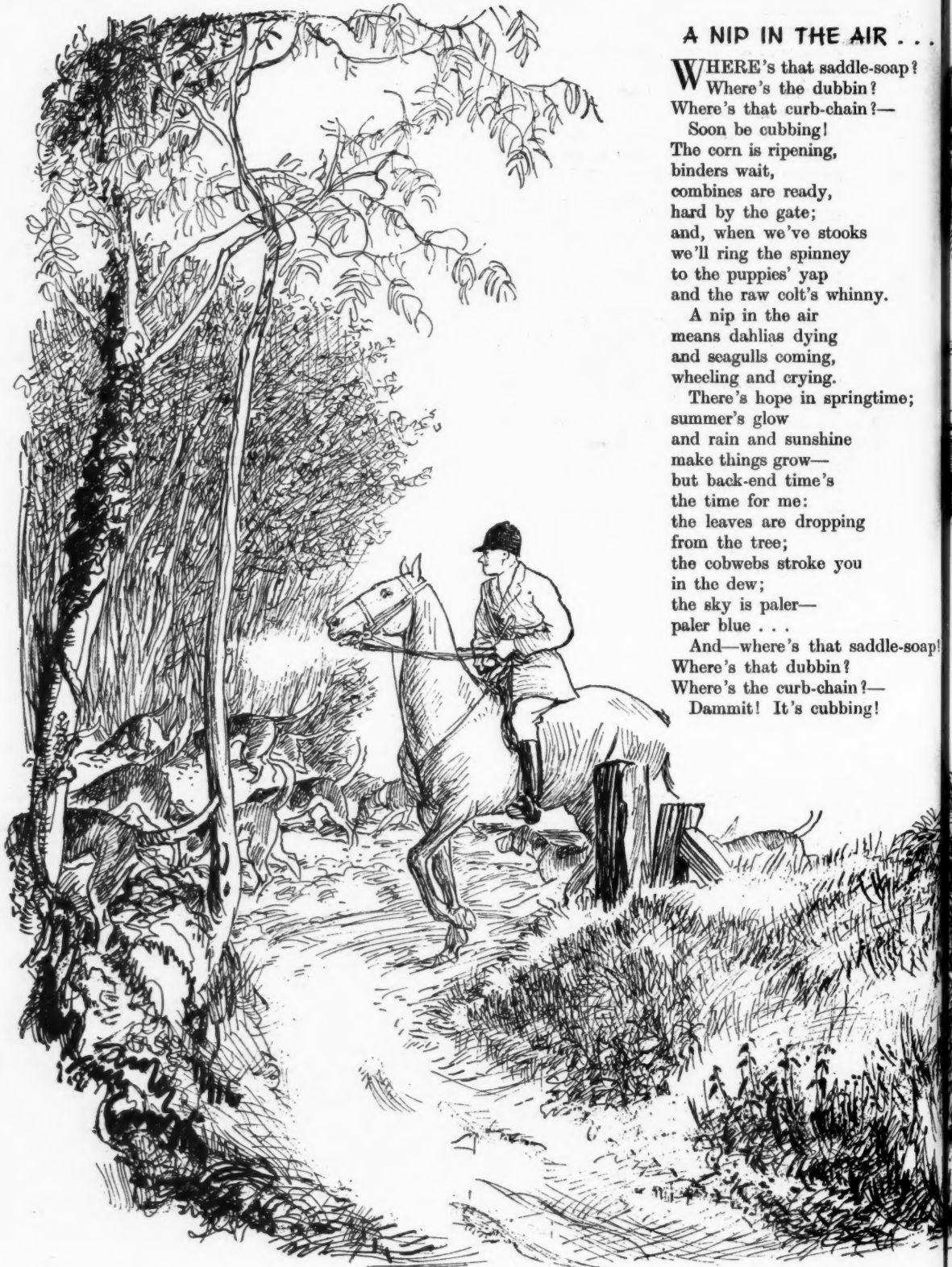
WHERE's that saddle-soap?
Where's the dubbin?
Where's that curb-chain?—

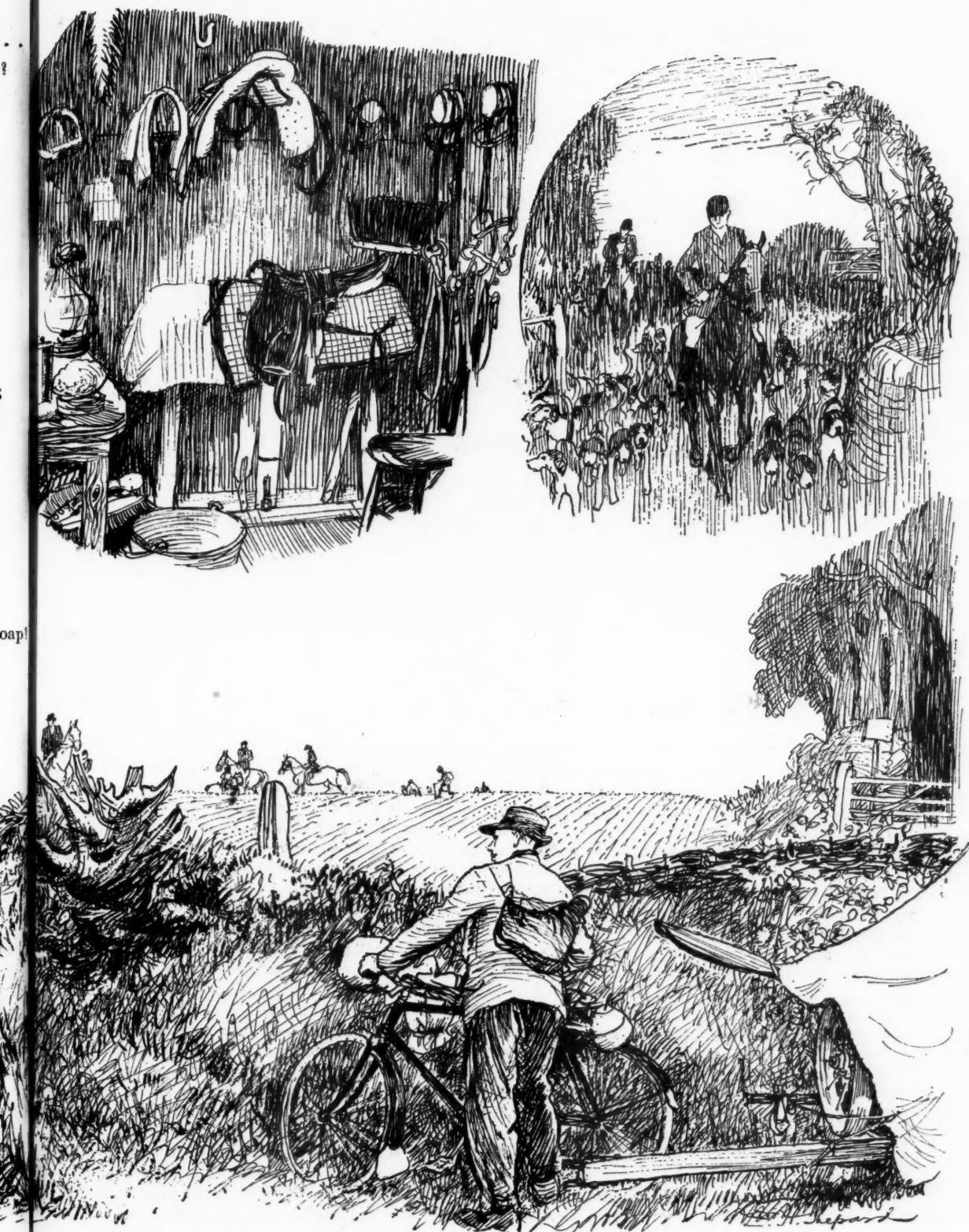
Soon be cubbing!
The corn is ripening,
binders wait,
combines are ready,
hard by the gate;
and, when we've stooks
we'll ring the spinney
to the puppies' yap
and the raw colt's whinny.

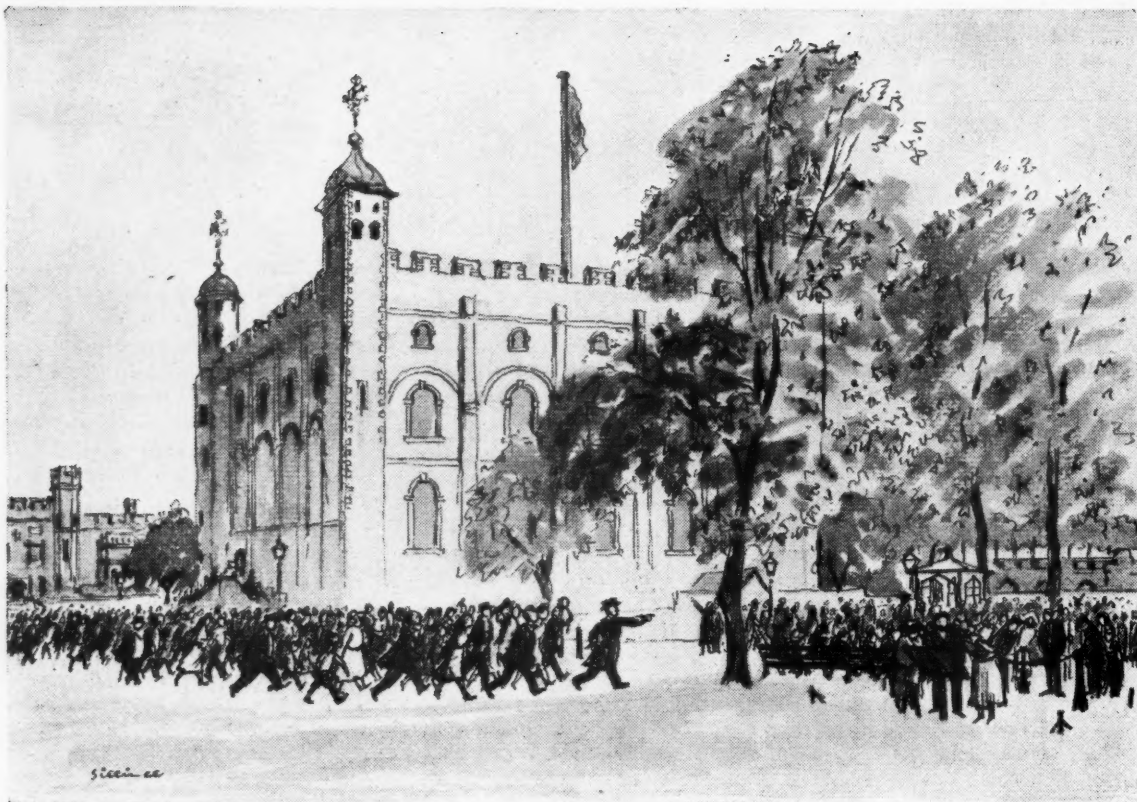
A nip in the air
means dahlias dying
and seagulls coming,
wheeling and crying.

There's hope in springtime;
summer's glow
and rain and sunshine
make things grow—
but back-end time's
the time for me:
the leaves are dropping
from the tree;
the cobwebs stroke you
in the dew;
the sky is paler—
paler blue . . .

And—where's that saddle-soap!
Where's that dubbin?
Where's the curb-chain?—
Dammit! It's cubbing!







THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE stone perdurability of the Tower itself contrasts with the vicissitudes of its fortune. It has been a royal palace, a prison, a barracks; it has housed a menagerie and a scaffold and a pub; it has contained, as "guest artists," the Mint, the Public Records and the Royal Observatory. Seldom can there have been (in any sense) so accommodating a fortress. Palace and barracks it still is, and a vestigial menagerie

persists in the six official ravens; but besides this, the walls enclose a museum and three chapels, the moat (drained in 1843) holds a parade-ground, a bowling-green and a vegetable garden, the wharf is a favourite lunching-ground

for City workers, and below the wharf there is a sandy bathing-beach.

The uninitiated visitor at the entrance thinks probably of the "little princes," of the Crown Jewels, of the thumbscrew and the block, of Beefeaters and of Captain Baillie-Stewart. By the time he leaves he will realize that splinters of history adhere to the stones of the Tower at almost every pace. In the Tower, Clarence was drowned in his butt of Malmsey. The Tower was held as a security against the completion of Magna Carta. A king and three queens have met violent deaths there. Sir Walter Raleigh and Guy Fawkes and Rudolf Hess have been lodged in its fastnesses.

The oldest part of the fortress is the White Tower, begun for William the Conqueror by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, in 1078. Another bishop, Ralph Flambard of Durham, who took over shortly after, holds a

double record; he is the first known prisoner in the Tower, and the first to have escaped from it. (The association of Church and Arms was a durable one; a tablet in the wall north of the Wakefield Tower records that the Reverend Alexander John Forsyth, after two years' research in the Tower, invented in 1807 the percussion system for small arms adopted by the Army in 1839. Those who know the War Office can easily imagine the events of 1808 to 1838.)

But there—if it's information you want, a guide, or better still a Yeoman Warder, will take you round. He will show you, for instance, the Bloody Tower, where King Edward V and his little brother were killed; but he will not as a rule show you the site south of the White Tower where their bones were found in Charles II's reign. Their bones? The urn containing



them was opened in 1933, and examination, chiefly of the spines and teeth, showed them to belong to two boys aged about thirteen and nine with unusual facial characteristics in common, one having apparently died by suffocation. Edward V was twelve years and nine months old at the time of his murder; the Duke of Gloucester was within a few days of his tenth birthday. This is presumably the evidence which the official guide-book dismisses as "very conjectural." The unhappy little king, incidentally, was probably suffering from severe toothache when he was killed.

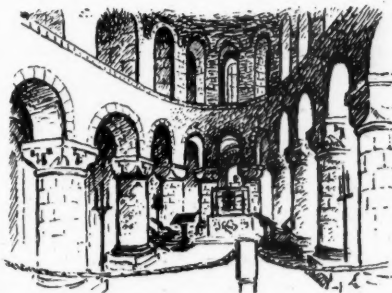
Your guide, appalled at the length of the queue, will commonly leave you before you enter the Wakefield Tower to see the Crown Jewels. It was not from their present impregnable cache that the unspeakable Colonel Blood stole the jewels, but from the Martin Tower. Blood cajoled an invitation to dine with the Keeper, then hit his host—who was seventy-two years old—on the head, and ran off with some of the choicer pieces. By an astonishing chance, the Keeper's soldier son came home on leave unexpectedly at that very moment, and Blood was caught; he was rewarded by the unpredictable Charles II with £500 a year for this escapade! However, the Regalia were moved to greater safety in the Wakefield Tower, and to-day as you look at them you are kept constantly on the move by a vigilant Beefeater.

The site of the scaffold, near the north side of Tower Green, holds an odd fascination for the public. The block's patrons were few but exclusive; of the seven known to have been beheaded there, five were women and three were queens. One of the others was a Plantagenet—the Countess of Salisbury—who gave the headsman an unwonted

run round the green instead of lying quietly on the block, and was finally decapitated in the vertical position.

To the north of Tower Green is the Royal Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, and in the south-west corner is the King's House, outside which appeared the only recorded Tower ghost. A rifleman of the 60th Rifles on sentry duty below the window of what was once Anne Boleyn's bedroom was found asleep by the visiting officer. At his court-martial he pleaded that he had not been asleep, but had fainted in terror after being approached by a white figure upon which his bayonet made no impression. His story was accepted, and the soldier was acquitted. The ghost, having got itself legally recognized, no longer appears.

To the west is the Beauchamp Tower, a stone autograph album for the incarcerated. There is, alas, evidence that the inscriptions on its



walls were not always the work of those whose names appear on them; a motto engraved by one Thomas Miagh, for instance, reappears in another tower that never held him.

On the grass of Tower Green you will generally see one or two of the ravens. There are six birds on the establishment; they are properly documented like soldiers and given an official daily ration of meat and fish. Despite their reputation for longevity, none of those at present on the strength has been there more than three years, the oldest inhabitants, Cora and Corax, having arrived in September 1946.

East of the chapel are the Waterloo Barracks, built by Wellington. The Victorian architecture blends admirably into the general *macédoine* of Norman, Tudor, Queen Anne and



prefab (the NAAFI) that sprawls over the eighteen acres or so within the walls. The barracks are occupied by the Royal Fusiliers, but they neither find the Tower guards, which are the responsibility of the Household troops, nor assist in the domestic patrolling of the Tower buildings, which is the prerogative of the Yeomen Warders.

In postcards the Yeomen Warders always wear full dress, with a ruff and a partizan; but normally they wear their dark-blue undress with the cloth hat stigmatized in the Press, on its introduction in 1885, as "a blundering anachronism." As a full dress should last its owner some fifteen years, it is rightly kept for State occasions only. The Yeomen Warders are all former sergeants and warrant officers of the Regular Army; the Chief Warder—Mr. Cook at present, late of the Somerset Light Infantry—is also known as the Yeoman Porter. When he carries the keys for the nightly locking-up ceremony the Chief Warder is given an escort of an N.C.O. and four men; the guard turns out for him and, as key-bearer, he is entitled to a salute from an officer. The name "Beefeaters," as a Yeoman Warder remarked to us, is an anachronism. "The only ones that get meat here every day," he observed without rancour, "are the ravens."

A refreshment room now stands on the site of the demolished Lion Tower, where the Royal Menagerie was kept until it was dispersed in 1835. Edward II granted sixpence a day each for the upkeep of his leopards and threepence a day each for their keepers, whose comments on this arrangement can be imagined. The catering is admirable—though it is not in the hands of the firm you might, from their name, think appropriate. B. A. YOUNG





"My goodness, it's sad—I cried at every showing until the second house on Wednesday."

MR. GLOVER'S FOOTSTEPS

"WHAT have you done," asked Mrs. Venner, giving the flatlet one of her casually critical inspections, "with those cats over the sideboard?"

"I put them in the bottom drawer," I said.

"Don't you like cats?"

"Yes, very much."

"When Mr. Glover had this room he used to dote on that picture. 'Course, some people don't go much on art, do they?"

"No," I said.

"One thing about Mr. Glover," reminisced Mrs. Venner, easing herself on to the divan, "he was never no trouble. I've known him say to me 'Vennie, hand me in the vacuum and I'll get this place tidy.' Himself, mark you! Never no side with him. Good-hearted with it, as well. You see that horse on the wall?

Used to be a calendar hung on its foot. Made it himself, here in this room, out of fretwork, and when he went he said 'Vennie, you can have that to remember me by.' Grows on you, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said, trying not to look at it.

"And every Friday night, nine o'clock, he'd tap on my door and say 'Put your bonnet on, Vennie.' And off he'd take me to the Rose and Crown as large as life, and there we'd be till ten, him with his pint, and me with my milk-stout. Oh, we did laugh! 'Another bottle of ink for Vennie!' he'd shout. Proper witty, you know, but he'd never show off with it, like some. And what I liked about him, he never once came in the worse for drink."

I caught her eye and looked away.

"Tell you another thing. Know what he did? Came to me one day and said 'Vennie, I can't be bothered with rent every week. Here's a cheque for twenty pounds. Let me know when it's gone.' Just like that! Proper gentleman. You don't find many like that."

I could think of only one comment and decided not to make it.

"If ever he had a bit of a party, in I'd come. 'Wouldn't be a party without Vennie,' he'd say. He'd have a bottle of gin handy, and I'd sit in that chair and sing 'Trees.' Oh, we've had some fun in this room... Very good to Lucy he was, too. One time she got a part in a play, and he heard her through her lines in here every night for a week. Knew them better than she did, in the finish. Oh, ready for anything, Mr. Glover was. Do *anything* for you. And clever! You wouldn't believe! See that chair? Spring went right through the bottom one time, and d'you know what he did?"

"Mended it," I said, "in no time."

"Had it all to pieces on the floor, got new webbing and tacks out of his own pocket, and fixed it good as new."

"And taps!" she went on. "He was forever putting on new washers. Never no trouble with taps, we hadn't. One time he moved all the stair-carpet half a tread down for me, made a proper neat job of it. Then we found it left a bare bit at the top, and he moved it all back without a murmur. Accountant, he was, by trade. Wouldn't think so, would you?"

"No," I said, "you wouldn't." I had an idea she was looking at me, although I am not an accountant, and I picked up an unpaid bill from the mantelpiece and began to read it carefully.

"By the way," said Mrs. Venner, "you know that pianola in Lucy's room? The one you hear her playing 'In a Monastery Garden' on?"

"Yes," I said, with a trapped expression.

"Well," said Mrs. Venner, "we're going to have it in my bedroom, out of her way. I could keep things on it. Nobody wants a pianola these days."

"Oh, I don't know," I said, lowering the bill with a trembling hand. "You can have a lot of fun with a—"

"Lucy's got no room to turn round. She bangs herself on it. Mr. Glover was always on about moving it into my place, but I used to pooh-pooh it. All you've got to do, he used to say, is to get it in the passage, ease it down those three stairs, up-end it, unscrew the front feet, swing it round the corner, get it on its side, put a couple of rolling-pins under it, push it along to my door, get it on its end, take my door

off, ease it through so it rests on my bed, screw the feet back, put my door on again, lever it off the bed, and push it against the wall. I used to tell him it was too much for one man, but, as he said, Lucy could always give a hand. You see, while you were lifting up one end, she could be putting the rolling-pins under, for one thing."

"Yes," I said faintly, "there is that of course."

"And the beauty of it is, it could cover up that wall where my paper's beginning to bulge. I don't suppose it would disturb Lucy if

you had a go to-night. I'll pop down and tell her."

She paused at the door and chuckled. "Wouldn't Mr. Glover have revelled in this!" she said. "Cheerio!"

"Cheerio," I said.

There is one thing. The days of that fretwork horse are numbered.

2 2

"Historical Building in Savile-row, West End offices, important thoroughfare. 4th floor, over 3,000 ft., light, lofty."—Advt. in "Daily Telegraph"
Any funicular?



"And they do say that somewhere on the farm is the site of a Roman amphitheatre."



"We'll make madam look ten years younger, even if it takes all day to do it."

KERRY-HANDED

MY distant ancestors the Kerrs had a castle in the Border country. That is, they had two castles, but one of them belonged to a branch of the family that spelt its name with one "r." Neither castle now contains any Kerrs, however many "r's" they have in their names. One is inhabited by hikers in the season, the other by forty thousand seagulls. The agile descendant of the Kerrs may crawl into this latter castle through a hole in its outer wall, into a sort of cellar, and up into an inner courtyard. As he emerges ten thousand or so of the seagulls take off; and if he climbs up the interior by the crumbling stairs, the enterprise, already hazardous because of the numerous missing treads, becomes even more so as the remaining thirty thousand seagulls hurtle out in batches from below his feet and from holes in the wall beside him. If he has not already plunged to ground level he may regain it gradually

through a whirling mass of seagulls, falling on his knees to put up a prayer when he reaches the solid earth.

Before the seagulls and the hikers took over, the Kerrs and the Kers lived, as far as I know, in mutual peace and amity, as they do to this day. This is not to say that they were not a vigorous and even a bellicose people. Their restraint towards each other was caused by the total absorption of their energies in their favourite occupation, which was swarming over the Cheviots to steal cattle from the English. This healthy and productive occupation alternated with the business of tumbling out from their keeps to guard the cattle from such Englishmen as came swarming over the Cheviots to take them back.

The main sufferers in this business were the cows. Driven backwards and forwards over the Cheviots, growing leaner and more leathery every year, their one

consolation must have been that after surviving a few severe bouts of theft and counter-theft they grew absolutely inedible even to Borderers; and they could look forward to spending their declining years toiling to and fro across the hills till they perished honourably of old age somewhere about the head of the Hownam Water.

As for the human beings, they conducted the whole business in a fairly gentlemanly fashion, with a certain amount of incidental sword-play which must have caused about as many casualties in a year as an average hundred miles of modern arterial road causes in a bank holiday week-end. Every now and then some change in the conventions, introduced by a thoughtful riever with a taste for novelty, would give rise to bad feeling. In the early innocent days of the sport it was no doubt customary for a raiding party to set out at a decent time of the morning, fortified by a night's sleep and a solid breakfast; and the whole Border must have been in an uproar when some dynamic chieftain first decided to set off across the Cheviots after supper. After this, neither side could be certain at what hour of the day or night a cattle-gathering party might not appear in its precincts. It is this kind of thing that causes developments in the military art. It was no longer possible to gather the whole brood of warriors together at the daily hour when the raiding-party might be expected; and Borderers on both sides of the Cheviots had to set to with picks and chisels to improve their castles with masonry, so that they could be defended by a handful of men when the rest were away scouring the countryside looking for mischief. They strengthened the walls and the doors, and, as this would not prevent any determined and curious person from getting in, they built upper storeys to their castles, providing the narrowest of spiral staircases to the upper rooms. An intelligent lad with a broadsword, standing with his left shoulder against the central column, could poke and prod at the ascending Saxon or Scot and keep him at bay for hours, till his family returned, while the women and children sat knitting and learning their lessons in the room up above. It is not recorded that the cattle were ever herded up the spiral staircases along with the women and children. Presumably the defendants were reconciled to the necessity in these circumstances of going off across the Cheviots to get them back again the following day.

I regret to say that it was a Kerr who, stung by some loss of cattle or dignity at the hands of the English, resorted to a really underhand trick of warfare. He conceived the brilliant notion of bringing up his sons to fight left-handed. Hidden in those upper rooms they worked secretly, night and day, training the young Southpaws. The infant Kerr whanged mightily at his cradle and at his nurse with a tiny broadsword clasped in his left mitt. At last the proud chieftain sallied off across the hills with his offspring. The Saxon was set upon by a horde of miscreants who bore their targes on their right arms, where he was accustomed to bang away at their metal, and their swords in their left hands, whence they could prod at him

unmercifully from an unexpected direction. The Saxon lost a deal of cattle; and he had to go away and learn a lot of new strokes before he could get them back.

Throughout this part of the Border a left-handed person is still called Kerry-handed in memory of this ancient ruse. The personality of the ingenious Kerr who planned it is lost to history; but he was a Planner. He thought of everything. Being engaged at the time in adding an upper storey to his castle, he carefully built one of his spiral staircases with a right-hand thread instead of the customary left-hand one. This staircase was reserved for defence by the Kerry-handed scion, who could thereby have his right shoulder against the central pillar and his sword-arm free.

The success of the scheme was not permanent. It may be that the Saxon brought up a brood of Kerry-handed children in his turn; it may be that the plan failed through its essential flaw, which apparently the patriarch had not reckoned on, namely, that while the Kerry-handed defendant had his sword-arm free the right-handed assailant also had his sword-arm more conveniently placed than is usual in fighting one's way up spiral staircases. Whatever the cause, it is certain that the glory departed. In the fullness of time the hikers and the seagulls moved in; and this descendant of the Kerrs at least has neither castle nor cattle. Nor, for that matter, is he Kerry-handed.

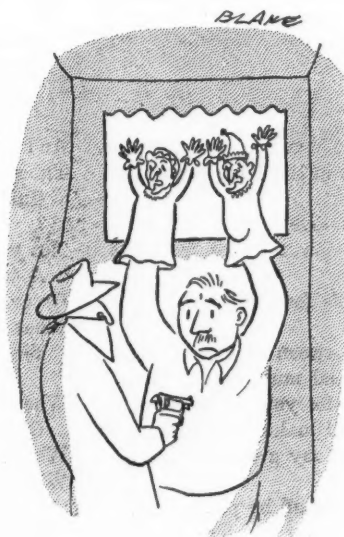
It is pleasant to reflect that the general decay of the old Border pastime is not a matter of lamentation for all the former participants. The cows are better off.

R. P. LISTER

The Bull-Dog Breed

"If the Conservative Party get back into power they will at once cry halt to all further schemes of nationalization. Where they cannot de-centralize, they will de-centralize."

"*Kentish Times*"



CHILD VERSUS GROWN-UP

"WHY, a child could do that!" is a stock phrase with some people to express their disapproval of modern paintings and drawings. They take it for granted that children's drawings are bad—because inaccurate in perspective, proportion and so on. They are indulgent perhaps towards these crude efforts (it is pleasant to see the boys and girls so industrious with pencil and brush), but they can think of no more unfavourable comparison when they want to criticize the work of an adult.

But what if the artist replies "Splendid, then I have achieved something"; what if he asserts that the natural art of children has, in all seriousness, a merit of its own? Is this simply an idle paradox, some perverse whim of modern times? Not at all. It is the generally accepted expert opinion that children are natural artists, with a distinct creative gift. In the last fifty years the schools have begun to encourage this gift instead of trying to put something quite different in its place. Children to-day are making some very remarkable drawings and designs as a result—as one may see, for example, at the exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries in London.

There are those who suspect "expert opinion" and the work of the

last fifty years: who still ask whether this new idea in education is anything but an eccentric delight in the imperfect—whether it isn't simply making for a general go-as-you-please incompetence. Perhaps the best answer is to refer back to the old methods of teaching art which many of us will remember with no particular affection. Accuracy was the standard. We drew a cup or a bowl, for instance, being drilled in the importance of making an exact ellipse for the rim. Then there was "design," which consisted in filling a space with contorted flowers all alike, in symmetrical arrangement . . .

It was not a good way of training children, few of whom in any case would ever become professional artists. It took the fun out of drawing and turned it into a rather dreary examination subject. As a means of learning to appreciate art it was useless. Probably a good many adults are hampered by this early experience when they look at drawings. The ellipse, so sternly insisted on in the old art-class days, becomes a standard of correctness. The neat floral patterns of the "design" lesson have little relation to design as any true artist would define the word. These things are apart from the rhythm and vigour of really creative work.



It is the pursuit of these latter qualities that has made a point of contact between the art of the adult modern and the child. The child has been encouraged to express them spontaneously. The grown-up has made a conscious effort, not necessarily to draw like a child but to bring into play the same spontaneous faculty.

It would be absurd to maintain that there is nothing more in drawing than a child can do. What children's drawings prove in their own way is that there is more in a good drawing than technical skill alone can account for, and a special quality in drawing that technical skill may even tend to stifle. When children reach the age of adolescence and really start acquiring knowledge, including a more scientific acquaintance with the technique of art, they are liable to lose the magic of their earlier drawings. Conversely, the adult artist, who knows a great deal of technical theory and can, if he wants to, draw with academic correctness, will deliberately discard his skill (or conceal it) for the sake of a more vivid effect or even to avoid being too smugly facile.

The children who make those remarkable coloured drawings under present-day tuition in the general schools help in their own naïve fashion to explain what their elders are getting at—the comparison is not really so unfavourable after all.

WILLIAM GAUNT

RUPERT AND DIANA

NO name have you, no living past,
Who in the Tube in front of
me
Are like a lovely shell upcast
For these few minutes from the
vast
Of Time's forgetful sea.

No talk between us can begin:
Impersonal must be my look:
Yet wait—for you, my heroine,
And I shall make acquaintance in
My next, my greatest, book!

Diana then shall be your name,
And I your Rupert of romance,

And neither feel a moment's shame
Though candid pages tell to fame
Our every circumstance.

Not yet, nor till we go to press
A twelve-month hence, can you
Or even I in detail guess
What we shall, in this novel dress,
Vicariously do.

When face to face (as we are now)
Diana's bow on him is bent,
While from beneath that curving brow
With more of star-shine than the
Plough
She smiles encouragement,

Rupert shall breathe a deep delight;
But when she turns, to say him
nay
(As now I watch you turn), half
right,
That curve of neck and chin shall
quite—
Oh! take his breath away.

Yet I (in Rupert) though half dead
Shall rise again to hope, to woo,
To suffer and, when years have
sped
Through eighty thousand words, to
wed
(In his Diana) you.

AT THE PLAY

Summer Day's Dream (ST. MARTIN'S)—*Western Wind* (PICCADILLY)

SUMMER *Day's Dream*, Mr. PRIESTLEY's new play, is a hefty social pill so pleasingly coated that those of the opinion that progress is bound up with speed and size and the development of the people into a regimented and gadget-burdened herd will no doubt try to laugh it off as an amusing trifle; but they will find this difficult because Mr. PRIESTLEY, who is in his best form, makes the world of boosted materialism seem a playground for idiots. Personally I take him to be in deadly earnest, and I think he has never talked better sense.

He supposes an England, in 1975, knocked out by a third war. Shrewsbury is the largest remaining town, most of the survivors have been resettled abroad, and those who have stayed are living a leisurely rural life in which the necessity to smoke coltsfoot appears the heaviest penalty. Into this simple paradise drops an international team of planners to assess the Sussex chalk for a vast industrial enterprise; they find it excellent, and, as their helicopter has crashed, are obliged to spend a few days with a once wealthy manufacturer turned small farmer. Even the American tycoon is ignorant of conditions, and we witness the full shock of his discovery that cars, money, radio and politics have given way to horses, barter, village theatricals and peace in which to think.



[*Western Wind*]

STRENGTH THROUGH JOY
Anthony Macrae—MR. JOHN MCCALLUM

The team consists of this American, a nice fellow windy with the reverent clichés of global trade, a Russian girl deep-frozen into an

be objected that the case for so-called progress is poorly made out, but I think his answer would be to refer us to contemporary headlines,



[*Summer Day's Dream*]

A WORD TO THE WISE

Stephen Dawlish—MR. HERBERT LOMAS; *Irina Shestova*—MISS ADINA MANDLOVA; *Franklyn Heimer*—MR. JOHN SALEW

official icicle, and an Indian scientist who, being a poet as well, is the most perceptive of the three. Will they, when their TV. transmitter is repaired, say the word that will bring the horrors of a modern gold-rush? Nothing can stop them, save the insidious contentment of the *Dawlish* home, a crumbling mansion where their host, having worked too hard and too long, has at last found happiness. That grand actor, Mr. HERBERT LOMAS, seen too seldom in a worthy part, makes a tremendous figure of the old man, who speaks in the second act like a major prophet. Gradually the American's faith in the doctrine of go-getting is undermined. The Russian, shaken to meet real democracy uncontrolled (her interrogation of Mr. CHARLES LAMB's perfect bailiff is the shrewdest political comedy), falls in love with *Dawlish's* composer-grandson, while the Indian recognizes the true calm of the spirit when he sees it. The *Dawlishes* win. When the visitors leave, the secret of the chalk is secure.

In the first half Mr. PRIESTLEY says almost everything that need be said, but nevertheless I found his play exciting to the end. It may also

hoardings, and the utterances of politicians. *Summer Day's Dream* is an idyll with a moral broadly stated, and even if you don't take this seriously it remains a charming work, at times on the edge of poetry. Mr. MICHAEL MACOWAN directs it sensitively, and the acting is triumphant: Miss EILEEN THORNDIKE as the visionary aunt plugs in to the druids with authority, and Miss ADINA MANDLOVA as the Russian, Mr. JOHN SALEW as the American, and Mr. OLAF POOLEY as the Indian represent the planners and the atomists succinctly.

Western Wind, by Miss CHARLOTTE FRANCES, begins as a thin triangle farce and then dissolves into sententious sentiment. Miss ANNE CRAWFORD, Mr. HUBERT GREGG and Mr. JOHN MCCALLUM try hard, but cannot stave off this dissolution.

ERIC KEOWN

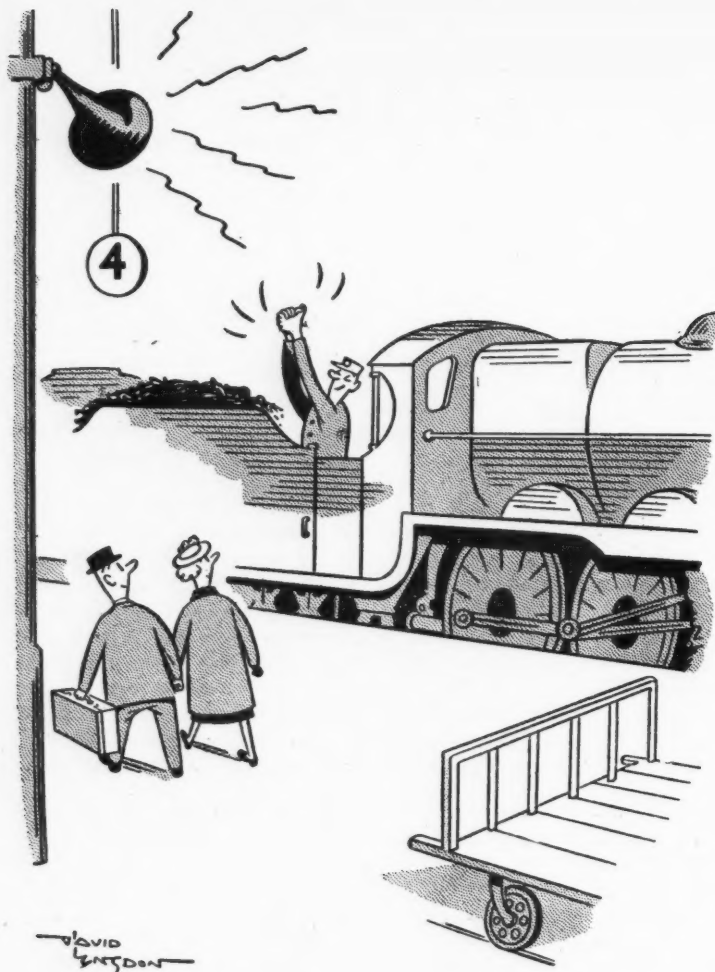
Recommended

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—From Henry James' story, very well staged.

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

TOUGH AT THE TOP—*Adelphi*—Cochran's new musical.

THE LATE EDWINA BLACK—*Ambassadors*—Neat psychological thriller.



"The train now standing at Number Four platform . . ."

CABBAGES AND KINGS

AFTER I left home and came to London my mother wrote and suggested that if I needed any money I should use a code word in my letters so that my father wouldn't know. She said it would have to be a word I wouldn't use normally. She had thought very hard about it and decided on "opium."

I would have suggested something else myself. But I couldn't do anything about it because there was no way of getting in touch with my mother without my father's knowing.

Then one day the girl whose iron I had been accustomed to borrow left London, and I had to buy one myself. So I wrote home and said

there was a man at my boarding house who smoked opium.

My mother sent me one pound and my father wrote to say he didn't like the sound of the place where I was living. Was I sure of my facts?

I wrote back with the idea of reassuring him and said I wasn't certain; it was just that the man himself told me he smoked opium, but of course you couldn't believe everything people told you.

My mother sent me another pound and my father wrote a long letter about the evils of drug-taking. Was I on guard?

I wrote, yes, I was on guard. I knew all about the evils of drug-taking.

I didn't hear anything for a day or two and supposed they were both thinking things over from their respective points of view.

Then I had a letter from each by the same post. My mother enclosed ten shillings and said she realized I had decided I should make it too obvious by always talking about opium, and she thought "drug" was much better. But was I all right and not being blackmailed or something because she knew what London was like. If I was all right would I write something about gondolas. My father said what did I mean about knowing all about the evils of drug-taking? He didn't like the idea of my knowing this man and where did he get his opium?

I wrote back to say I had read about the evils of drug-taking and I had no idea where the man got his opium, but I thought it might be from Venice because he talked a lot about gondolas.

Then I had a letter from my mother saying she couldn't remember if she'd told me to say gondolas if I was being blackmailed or if I wasn't. She enclosed one pound to make sure, but would I, for heaven's sake, write straight away to say I was all right and talk about gondolas and locusts to make sure.

My father wrote to say he liked the sound of things less and less and insisted that I move. He was sure I wouldn't have enough money and enclosed five pounds. But he didn't want my mother to know, so would I say something about an earthquake to let him know I had received it all right.

I wrote back and said I wasn't going to move because whether the man took opium or not it couldn't affect me, and I thought I might go to Venice to see some gondolas next year for my holiday, but I couldn't be certain because of the locusts, and in any case there might be an earthquake.

I had a telegram this morning from my father saying they were both coming up to see me and were bringing Uncle Felix, who is a doctor, and Cousin Charles, who is a barrister.

They arrive to-morrow.

BOOKING OFFICE

Henley and His Legend

WHEN William Ernest Henley died (in 1903) his fame had already lost something of its lustre. His great editorial days belonged to what, as time goes in Fleet Street, was quite a distant past. The militant imperialism which he had championed was out of the mode. The liberalism which he had detested was in the ascendant.

Nevertheless there were still those for whom, when they learned of his death, it was, as for Cope Cornford, "as if the sun had fallen out of the sky"; and many, beyond the little circle of his friends and disciples, were glad of the assurance that his life was to be written—and written by Charles Whibley. For Whibley's qualifications for that venture were as unique as they were obvious. Of all men living he had been most intimate with Henley, most in accord with his views and temper, and he was not only a writer of proved accomplishment but the author of some biographies (albeit in miniature) of most excellent artistry. There was good hope that if Henley was, to all but the most fervent of his devotees, a lesser man than Johnson, Whibley might show himself rather more than a lesser Boswell.

But, as Henley himself had known to his frequent exasperation, Whibley was as dilatory as he was competent. The years went by and his book was not forthcoming. Expectation dwindled, though it was still alive at least as late as 1912. Then came a larger war than the one which had been sounded on Henley's ardent trumpet, a new generation and a different world. The delayed biography passed out of mind and the Henley legend took its place among the remoter mythologies. The poet whom some had ranked with the nearly great lived precariously on a single poem in the anthologies.

In the hundredth year after Henley's birth Mr. John Connell has carried through the job which Whibley shirked or abandoned. His book, written in a spirit of discerning admiration, will interest all who, however they may assess Henley's concrete achievement, are still to be interested in a man possessed of more than a touch both of genius and of heroism. That they may also find it a little disappointing is perhaps less the fault of Mr. Connell than of his material. Of this the most substantial element is Whibley's collection of the letters which Henley wrote him. And these, though full of pith and vigour, give only intermittent glimpses of the genial, magnanimous and magnetic figure that the legend has transmitted to us, the man whom the young Yeats "admired beyond words." They show him, too often, as an exigent friend and an ungenerous enemy. His exultation over the fallen Wilde is shocking, and one could wish that Mr. Connell had mitigated the impression it makes by quoting some words that Yeats remembered. "Why did he do it? I told my lads to attack him and yet we might have fought under his banner."

It may be that Henley was not at his best in his

relations with Whibley, for whom Mr. Connell has clearly conceived a dislike. A juster portrait might have emerged, one at any rate that chimed more truly with the legend, if greater recourse had been had to the records of those who came under his spell. Left to himself, it would seem, Henley does himself less than justice. But Mr. Connell, as a journalist, has been fascinated, understandably enough, by the brilliance of his editorial conduct, in which Whibley was so closely concerned and to which the letters bear almost daily witness.

Little room has been left, therefore, for discussion of the poet and the critic; and this is a pity, for of the writer in both fields a revaluation if not a partial reinstatement is due. His domestic life on the other hand is treated at length and with sympathy; as is the famous friendship with Stevenson, on the emotional character of which Mr. Connell lays emphasis. Its unhappy ending, inevitable from the day that Stevenson married a possessive woman, was the quarrel, on a miserably trivial occasion, of two sick and sensitive men. Henley, all told, was the sicker, perhaps the more sensitive, and there is pathos, as well as the courage which has always been admired, in the story, as Mr. Connell relates it, of his sometimes rather hectic defiance of ill-health, cruel chance, and what Saintsbury so delicately described as his "imperfect prosperity."

FRANCIS BICKLEY



"Now here's a fine view of our latest eight million cubic feet spiral-guided gasbolder—marred, I'm afraid, by the unsightly foliage of the surrounding countryside."

"Elective Affinities"

Rilke and Benvenuta is part and parcel of the chivalrous Teutonic tradition of a woman's capacity for redemptive love. Unless she had left the whole story untold—which would have been the world's loss—Magda von Hattingberg had no choice but to see herself and her music as influences capable of rescuing the poet Rilke from foundering in the mists of his own mind. Their friendship lasted twelve years; it waned because Rilke refused to be withdrawn from the polar solitude of his dreams into his friend's more humane climate; and it was sustained by letters and by visits to a series of brilliant and lovable friends between 1914 and 1926. "He wavered between you and his daemon," said the old princess in whose fairy-tale castle the last act of the tragedy was played out. The tragedy itself is a fairy-tale, primitive and sophisticated like the Hans Andersen *Märchen* whose influence the couple so joyfully recognized in the spring of their friendship.

H. P. E.

Starkadders Return

Impatiently we have waited to set foot again on the haunted slopes of Mockuncle Hill, to hear once more the venomous voices of Miss Stella Gibbons' monstrous brood. In *Conference at Cold Comfort Farm* she takes us back, very successfully for such a revival, to a scene sadly changed. The lads—all but Urk and Reuben—have gone to South Afriky, and the farm, harried by a Mr. Parker-Pole from the Ministry—"brast un fer a bowler-hatten skowkerd!"—has become a horribly tudored rendezvous for the *avant-garde*. Through the clear eyes of Flora—Robert Poste's child, now a vicar's wife saddled with five brats and "the great boarhound Cripps"—Miss Gibbons pours the neat vitriol of her satire over as bogus a congregation of highbrows as could decently be imagined. In the end, summoned by cable, the male Starkadders return in an airliner, towing the bull Big Business in a glider behind them, and are left "a-bashin' and a-cursin'" most satisfactorily.

E. O. D. K.



"Just like a woman—can't let a man finish one job."

Hard Times in France

The Poor Girl tells a story of incredible sordidness among the slums of industrial France. Its autobiographical heroine wades knee-deep through unending squalor and degradation with her head held so high that she seems much too good to be true. Where there is so much infectious corruption she remains entirely incorruptible, and after the first two or three hundred pages her sufferings become more than flesh and blood (the reader's) can stand. In this book, which is a queer mixture of precise clinical documentary and lugubrious romance, Maxence Van Der Meersch draws fine, detailed pictures of the French factory system of not so long ago and offers interesting asides on the economics of street-trading of all kinds; but the repetition of shock-tactics soon numbs the imagination and drives out compassion. A sequel is promised in which, no doubt, we shall learn how this ignorant and unfortunate child discovered her remarkable command of the pen.

A. B. H.

The Ways of the English

In *A Small Stir* Mr. James Bridie and Mr. Moray McLaren exchange "Letters on the English"—that is to say on the English character—and say many kindly, amusing and witty things. It would be fun, though, to know whether the authors know how much more they tell us about the Scots, and this not *seemingly* deliberately—as when Mr. Bridie writes: "The Scot himself, greeting heartily beneath his bonnie briar bush, has been known to smile through his tears." Mr. McLaren notices that the English "invented all the ingenious devices for escaping from women's company," including "that luxurious monastery, the man's club," and the "shooing away the women from the dinner table at the end of the meal." Mr. Bridie observes that the Englishman is "the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." But a book that is so quotable should be read and enjoyed as a whole.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- W. E. Henley. John Connell. (Constable, 21/-)
Rilke and Benvenuta. Magda von Hattingberg. (Heinemann, 10/6)
Conference At Cold Comfort Farm. Stella Gibbons. (Longmans, 7/6)
The Poor Girl. Maxence Van Der Meersch. (Pilot Press, 12/6)
A Small Stir. James Bridie and Moray McLaren. (Hollis and Carter, 8/6)

Other Recommended Books

The History of the British Film, 1906-1914. Rachael Low. (Allen and Unwin, 25/-). The first volume of this history appeared last year; the second begins with a great deal about the intricate wrangles between the different departments of the industry, but proves to be no less full of curiosities and entertainment for the ordinary reader than of statistics for the student.

The King and the Corpse. Max Murray. (Michael Joseph, 8/6) High-spirited whodunit with amusing dialogue, original setting and the air of well-being appropriate to a wow.

Wilders Walk Away. Herbert Brean. (Heinemann, 8/6) American thriller with inventive plot and well-sustained interest. Contains much miscellaneous information on furniture, cooking, etc., but is not overweighted with it.

MAGIC HAT

WE were perfect strangers, but we happened to arrive at the restaurant at the same moment, and as we hung up our green pork-pie hats we were both struck by the resemblance between them.

"They are very alike," I said.

"Outwardly they may be," he admitted, "but I would be willing to bet that your hat has not got the special properties of my hat. My hat is a magic hat."

The head waiter put us at a table for two, no doubt thinking from our exchange of hat-chatter that we must be friends. Although I had hoped to get a table to myself, it seemed churlish to refuse to lunch with the stranger, especially as he seemed so anxious to tell me about his magic hat. People with magic hats, I reflected, are evidently like people with television sets and second sight. They are not satisfied with merely *having* magic hats and second sight and television sets. They want everybody else to *know* that they have them.

So we sat down, and after the usual argument about who should have first use of the menu-card to see what wasn't still on, we ordered our soups and he started telling me all about his magic hat.

"I inherited it," he said, "from my uncle, the late Zedekiah Winterley-Jones, a name that is no doubt familiar to you."

Of course I said, as one always does when one is told that a name is no doubt familiar to one, that the name struck a chord in my memory, but that I could not quite place it at the moment.

"He was a conjurer," said the stranger, "and I was his favourite nephew. When he died he left me his conjuring hat. In his young days he had used a silk hat for his tricks, but he moved with the times, and changed to a bowler when bowlers were all the rage. The hat he left to me, however, was his final hat, a green pork-pie hat from which he produced, to the delight of his audiences, an endless succession of gold watches, rabbits, flags of all nations, and other valuable and useful articles."



"Which kind of whiskey is best for snake-bite?"

He paused to peer into his portion of Surprise Pie, and when he had overcome his amazement continued:

"Naturally I supposed that the hat, when my uncle died, would revert to the normal habits of a hat. But to my delight it had become so accustomed to producing things that it went on doing so. Each time I took it off my head I would find in it a rabbit, a gold watch, or perhaps a bundle of pound notes or a flag of Bolivia. You may have noticed just now that before I hung it on the peg I took from it a small statue of Sir Stafford Cripps, in jade?"

I had not noticed anything of the sort. I was tired of listening to such nonsense, and I told the man so. I spooned up the last few segments of my synthetic blackberry-and-maybe-apple tart, paid my bill, and stalked away. Any sort of prevarication is anathema to me.

I took my hat from the peg and jammed it on my head and went out into the street. Then a sort of film came over my eyes, and I staggered. The stranger, who had followed me out, proffered a large handkerchief.

"You took my hat by mistake," he said courteously, "and by bad luck it has laid an egg."

D. H. BARBER

HOME FROM HOME

ERNEST THUDD opened his eyes imperceptibly, squirmed in his arm-chair and stretched himself. "Say what you like," he said drowsily, "dub me a sentimental old fool; I still maintain there's no place like home."

"Oh, I don't know," said his younger brother, the curiously named Chepstow, infuriating a wasp by flipping at it ineffectively with the *New Statesman and Nation*, "I should have thought there were quite a number of places like it. In this particular end of Prodbury alone there are a hundred and eleven places remarkably like home and more threatened. Throughout the whole country there must be millions of places roughly like home; and if the Prodbury Re-planning Scheme ever gets under way and Messrs. Hacker and Ferment have a hand in it, a citizen of the future who climbs the plastic church tower to admire the prospect will probably be forced to the conclusion that there is hardly anywhere which isn't like home."

"Even," retorted Ernest, "if every single house in the British Isles were absolutely identical with its fellows inside and out, even if every one were named 'Ferndean,' and contained indistinguishable hat-stands, interchangeable brass warming-pans and duplicate black-and-white dogs called 'Spot,' each one would still be, for its occupants, a thing apart."

"Probably," said the younger Thudd, obstinately, "only a few feet apart."

"In point of fact, however," continued Ernest, "our homes are far from identical. In every one are to be encountered those distinctive little objects—or, for that matter, those distinctive large and medium-sized objects—which welcome their rightful owners as warmly as a mother welcoming her loved ones—the littered desk, the shelf of cherished books; yes, even the battered old coal-scuttle."

"It grieves me to have to report," said Chepstow, "that in my case the battered old coal-scuttle has been considerably less motherly since the night I fell over it and told it what I thought of it."

"In every corner," Ernest went on undaunted, "symbols of home crowd one upon another—the feel of one's favourite chair, the correct amount of blanket turnover on one's bed, one's bedroom slippers, moulded to the convolutions of one's feet, devotedly standing by."

"The holes in one's loyal socks gazing trustingly up at one," suggested Chepstow during a pause in which Ernest appeared to be searching the ceiling for further evidence.

"You are young yet," said Ernest, "and full of the facile irreverence of youth. The time will come when you will have learnt to love these old walls—as—er—they will then be—as unashamedly as I do and will experience the same deep sense of content as I do when I

reach out for my pipe from the ledge where I know it will be. Devil take it!" he cried, sitting up and staring aggressively at the ledge, "things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't shut his eyes for a moment without having his pipe whisked away and hidden somewhere. I suppose I shall find that Morwenna has given it to the children to blow bubbles out of. And where, might I ask, is my library book? This is a bit too much. Supper or no supper, I've a good mind to take myself off to James and Petunia's for the rest of the evening."

"But my dear old Ernest," said Chepstow gently, "this is James and Petunia's."

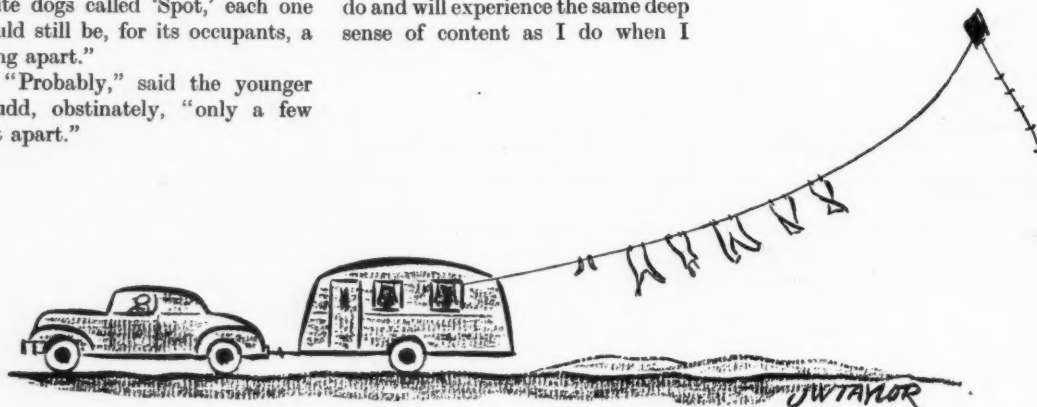
DANIEL PETTIWARD

HORRIBLE CHILD

SHE couldn't care less for the brave and the strong,

Less still for the burning kiss,
But she'll sit in the cinema all day long,

In hopes that the character beating
the gong
Will miss.



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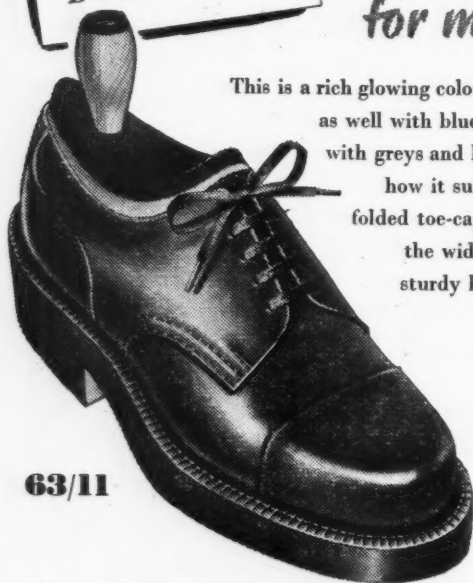
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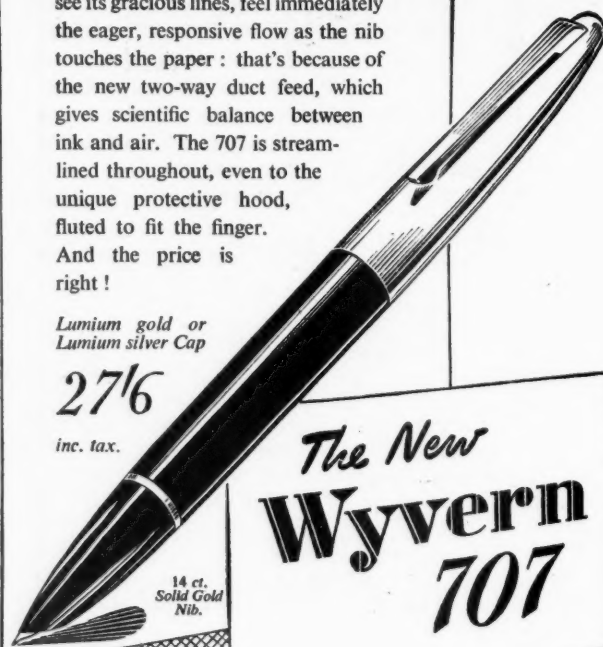
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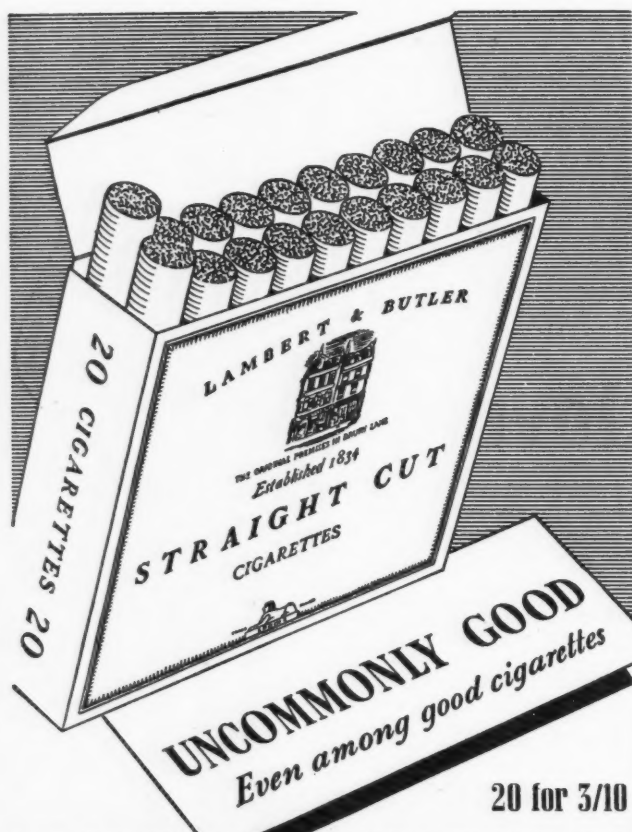
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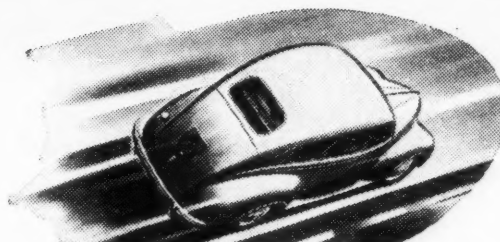
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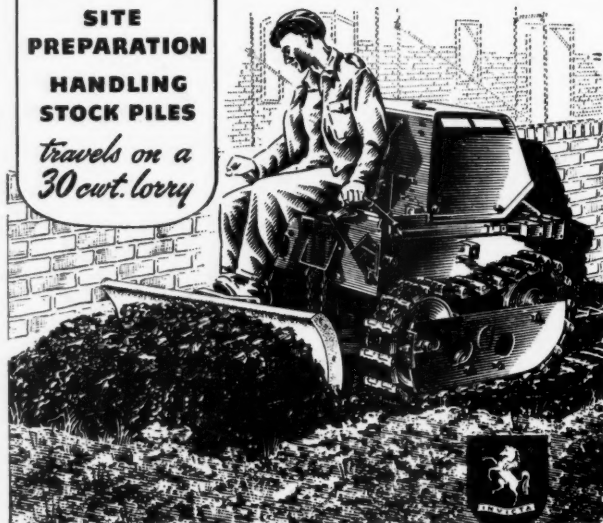
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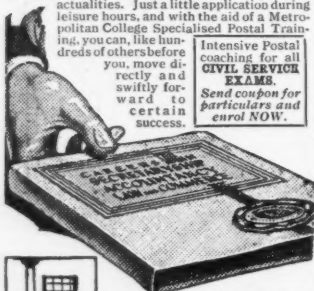
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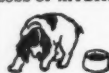
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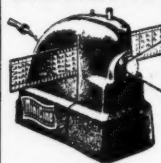
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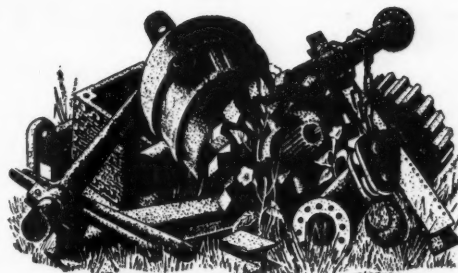


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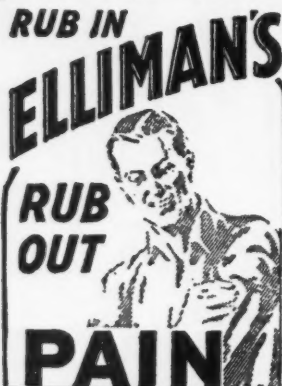
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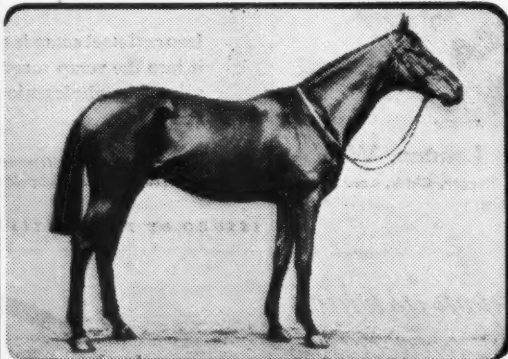
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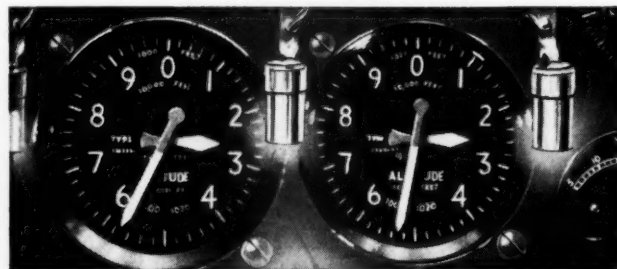
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